

ANIMALS & MEN



THE JOURNAL OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



**Tessie RIP; Vietnamese Wildmen; Bear
Scares; News; Reviews; Letters and much
more...**

Issue 45

£3.95/\$US6.00

Animals & Men is the quarterly journal of the
Centre for Fortean Zoology; a non profit
making organisation administered by:



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SUBSCRIPTIONS

For a 4-issue (one year)
subscription:

£12 UK £11 EC
£20 US, Canada, Oz,NZ
(airmail)
£24 Rest of World.

METHODS OF PAYMENT

Subscription rates INCLUDE postage.



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EDITORIAL



Dear friends,

Welcome to another edition of the world's only dedicated Fortean Zoological publication. I have been editing this magazine for very nearly 15 years - that is for half of my adult life. I am not going to pretend that it is always a pleasure; sometimes it is a complete chore, and there have been times when it has been a particularly painful and difficult task. However, looking back over the last 45 issues, I don't think I have ever enjoyed myself quite so much as I have putting this edition together.

This issue sees articles on some of my favourite subjects, and contributions from some of my favourite authors, and I am proud to say that, 45 issues in, we are still ploughing our decidedly idiosyncratic furrow. To misquote Frankie and Elvis, we are doing it our way! For example, Ken Campbell was a giant of modern theatre and a forteen giant - we could, of course have printed a sensible and reasoned account of his achievements, but we preferred to hand over a couple of pages to Tony 'Doc' Shiels, (who, as you will read inside, first introduced me to Ken), for his picaresque reminiscences of fisticuffs and vampire ladies. It is the CFZ way!

One of the things that any good editor should try and do is to make sure that the magazine that he or she is editing is as engaging to the first time reader, the CFZ virgin if you will, as it is to the old hand who has faithfully read every issue since the beginning.

I hope that the people who joined us at the Unconvention, that the people who joined us at a result of my articles in the newly relaunched (and incredibly much improved) Paranormal magazine, and even the young lady whose mum is buying her a membership for her Christmas present, will be impressed and decide that they want to join the party. I have always thought that a good magazine should make its readers feel at home, and feel that they are stakeholders in the community which the magazine describes.

I have a sneaking suspicion that the first time reader who picks up this issue might feel a little bit out of his or her depth for a few minutes - after all, each of the 60 pages here is describing the activities of a vibrant and highly successful community. I can imagine that it might be a little like entering a cocktail party where you don't know anyone. But I hope, like a host of any good cocktail party, I as editor, make the newcomers feel at home, introduce them to a few interesting people, and make sure that before too long they are feeling happy and at home.

I am not a great fan of the winter, nor of what is euphemistically described as the festive season. However, it is time to look back at the events of the past 12 months, and to look forward at what is to come.

It would not take any great amount of detective work to realise that the CFZ is changing. I believe that it is a change for the better. In the last three years we have become a truly community-based organisation, and it is becoming ever more apparent that we have a duty to the community, and in particular to the generations who will come after us.

We believe that what we do is important, and has relevance to society as a whole. In the next 12 months you will see the CFZ adapting to the brave new world in which we find ourselves.

You will see us becoming more militant, you will see us becoming more involved with events and people outside the forteen ghetto, and you will see us do our best to fulfil the slogan that we have been sporting upon our stationary for the last 12 months; trying to change the world... just a little bit.

God bless you all,

Jonathan Downes,
Director, CFZ
Woolsery, November 27th 2008

"THE GREAT DAYS OF ZOOLOGY ARE NOT DONE"

THE FACULTY OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



"In her abnormalities, nature reveals her secrets." (Goethe)

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NEWSFILE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY JONATHAN DOWNES WITH OLL LEWIS



A team led by a Texas A&M University anthropologist has discovered a group of primates not seen alive in 85 years.

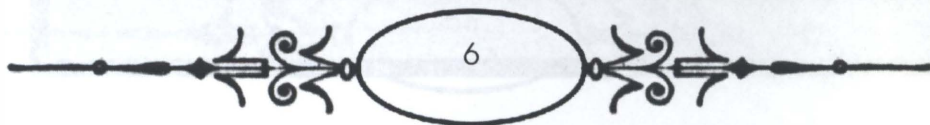
Pygmy tarsiers, also known as the Mountain Tarsier or the Lesser Spectral Tarsier, are nocturnal primates found on central Sulawesi, Indonesia, in an area with lower vegetative species diversity than the lowland tropical forests.

These creatures, about the size of a small mouse and weighing less than 2 ounces, have not been observed since they were last collected for a museum

in 1921. They were widely believed to be extinct until two Indonesian scientists trapping rats in the highlands of Sulawesi accidentally trapped and killed a pygmy tarsier in 2000.

Sharon Gursky-Doyen, working with one of her graduate students, Nanda Grow, and a team of locals trapped three of the nocturnal creatures in Indonesia in late August. The pygmy tarsiers possess fingers with claws instead of nails, which Gursky-Doyen says is a distinguishing feature of this species, and distinguishes them from nearly all other primates which have nails and not claws.

A CLASSIER TARSIER



DOLPHINS DOWN-UNDER



Bottlenose dolphins are one of the most iconic creatures on the planet, especially to those of us of a certain age for whom *Flipper* was essential Saturday evening viewing during our formative years. However, until now there were only thought to be two species; Common Bottlenose Dolphin (*Tursiops truncatus*) found in warm and temperate seas worldwide, and the Indo-Pacific Bottlenose Dolphin (*T. Aduncus*). Both species are found in Australian waters...

Now, it appears, Australia has a new mammal. Macquarie and Monash university researchers, collecting genetic samples from what they thought were coastal dolphins, made an unexpected find. After DNA testing about 200 mammals off Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania for a population study, the scientists realised they were not coastal bottlenose dolphins at all.

"They look alike but they are genetically quite different," Luciana Möller of Macquarie University, said. *"We were surprised."*

Such finds, said Dr Möller, were *"pretty rare"*.

"Large mammals are not discovered very often. It shows we still have a lot to learn about how many marine species are out there. In the current biodiversity crises, when we are losing so many animal species, it is very exciting to find out about these unique Australian dolphins."

Dr Möller suspected that the new species, and the previously known coastal bottlenose dolphins, probably separated *"quite recently ... in the past few million years"*.

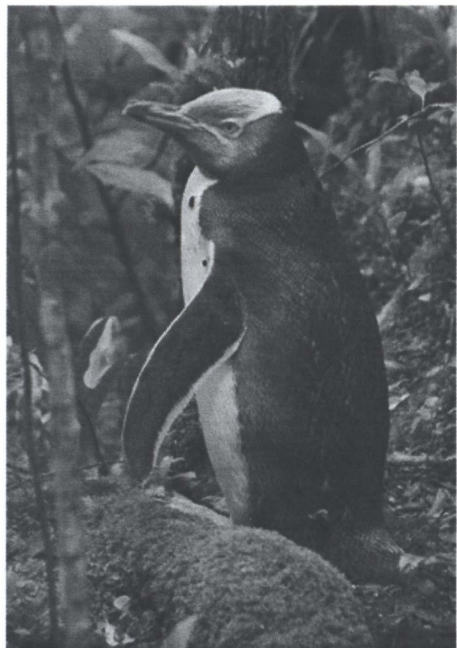


Good for Dr Möller. It is always exciting when a new species is discovered, and she should be congratulated for her sterling work in discovering this as yet unnamed species.

One look at her CV tells us that she is a remarkable young woman, who has done far more than most to further the cause of cetacean biology.

She is dead right. This does indeed show that there is a lot to learn about new species of marine animal. However, we would caution her against falling into the trap laid unwittingly by the more hidebound devotees of scientific orthodoxy. It is just not true to say that *"Large mammals are not discovered very often"* as regular readers of this magazine will tell you.

This is not even the first new cetacean discovered this year (see A&M44 for details of the discovery of the Bolivian river dolphin).



This is a yellow-eyed penguin. Australian and New Zealand researchers studying one of the world's rare and endangered penguins have uncovered a previously unknown penguin species that disappeared about 500 years ago.

The newly found 'Waitaha' penguin became extinct after Polynesian settlement of New Zealand but before A.D. 1500, researchers from Australia's University of Adelaide, New Zealand's University of Otago and Canterbury Museum, reported Wednesday, Nov. 19, 2008.

The find came as the team was investigating changes in the endangered New Zealand yellow-eyed penguin population since human settlement of New Zealand around A.D. 1200-1300.

GECKOS AHOY!

French scientists say they hatched a new gecko species from an egg plucked from its nest in a South Pacific island and carried it 12,000 miles to Paris in a box lined with Kleenex.

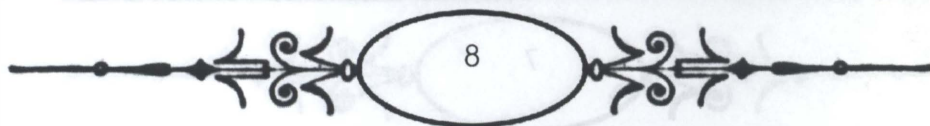
France's National Museum of Natural History said it was the first time a new lizard species has been catalogued based on an individual raised from an egg.

Given the Latin name *Lepidodactylus buleli*, the gecko makes its home near the tops of the trees that line the west coast of Espiritu Santo, one of the larger islands of the Vanuatu archipelago east of Australia, the museum said.

A 2006 expedition to Espiritu Santo to study the ecosystems of the forest canopy led to the discovery of the 3-inch-long gecko. The expedition included climbers who scoured the canopy for plant and animal samples.



P-P-P-P-P-PICK UP A PENGUIN



ANURAN KRISTALLNACHT IN ECUADOR



Seven previously unknown species of frog discovered over the past two years by Ecuadorian researchers are already under threat from habitat loss reports a newsletter from the IUCN Amphibian Specialist Group.

The frogs belong to the Glassfrog family, a group that is endemic to tropical America and has more than 140 species, of which 40 percent are threatened with extinction due to disease and habitat loss.

"A study developed to predict the distribution of glassfrogs from eastern Ecuador and to estimate the impacts of deforestation shows that deforestation may have already reduced up to 40% of the distribution ranges of all studied species," writes Diego F. Cisneros-Heredia, author of an article appearing in the *Froglog* newsletter.

"Results indicate that deforestation has intensively affected the eastern Andean foothills (300-800 m above sea level), upper montane forests and inter-Andean valleys (above 2000 m a.s.l.), and the northern Amazonian lowlands of Ecuador. Predictions suggest that almost half of the habitats suitable for Centrolene audax, Centrolene buckleyi, Centrolene mariaelenae, Cochranella flavopunctata, Hyalinobatrachium pellucidum, and Nymphargus cochranae have been deforested. These species have been reported as largely absent in historical localities and are considered threatened."

And these are only the species that we know to live there. The outlook for those species as yet undescribed would seem to be very bleak indeed.

RELEASE THE BATS

A previously undescribed, cold-loving fungus has been linked to white-nose syndrome, a condition associated with the deaths of over 100,000 hibernating bats in the northeastern United States. The findings are published in *Science*. The probable cause of these bat deaths has puzzled researchers and resource managers urgently trying to understand why the bats were dying in such unprecedented numbers. Since the winter of 2006-07, bat declines at many surveyed hibernation caves exceeded 75 percent.

The fungus – a white, powdery-looking organism – is commonly found on the muzzles, ears and wings of afflicted dead and dying bats, though researchers have not yet determined that it is the only factor causing bats to die. Most of the bats are also emaciated, and some of them leave their hibernacula – winter caves where they hibernate – to seek food that they will not find in winter.

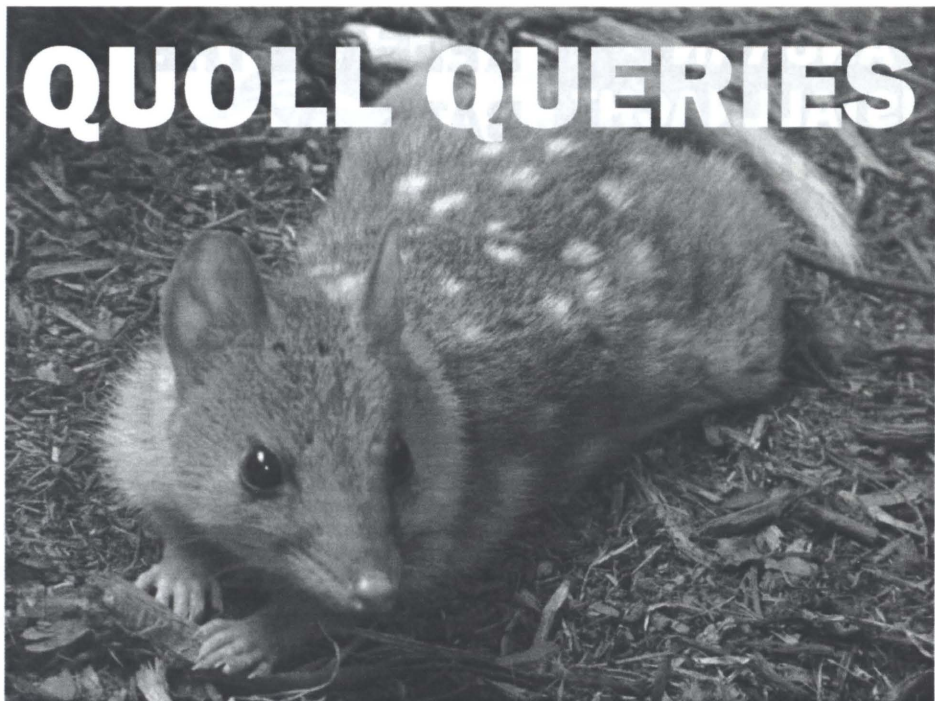
WNS was first seen in New York during the winter of 2006. Since then, populations of cave-hibernating bats have been drastically declining in Connecticut, Maine, New York and Vermont. Affected species include little brown bats, northern bats, tricolored bats, Indiana bats, small-footed myotis and big brown bats.

Worldwide, bats play critical ecological roles in insect control, plant pollination and seed dissemination, and the decline of North American bat populations would likely have far-reaching ecological consequences, the researchers wrote. They noted that parallels can be drawn between the threat posed by WNS and chytridiomycosis, a lethal fungal skin infection that has recently caused precipitous global amphibian population declines.

"Right now," said Blehert, *"we are uncertain about the long-term effects of white-nose syndrome on North American bats, but we are quite concerned about future effects on bat populations wherever environmental conditions are conducive to growth of the fungus. To manage and perhaps halt this disease, we have to first better understand it."*



QUOLL QUERIES



Two eastern quoll have been found as roadkill on the Australian mainland. Although considered extinct in Australia since 1963, these carnivorous marsupials remain abundant on the island of Tasmania.

While it may be possible that the quolls are remnants of a long-surviving population, it is far more likely they are descendants of escapees. Mount Rothwell Conservation and Research Center near Melbourne has been breeding captive quolls since 2002. Individual quolls probably escaped from the sanctuary into the wild; most likely the quolls found recently either escaped directly from the center or are descendants of escaped quolls.

Australian biologists are now working to discover how long these quolls survived in the wild. Although found in what was once their natural habitat, the area is populated by cats and foxes. Foxes and cats are introduced species in Australia and are blamed, along with habitat loss, for the extinction of eastern quolls. If the quolls have survived in the area for some time, it would mean the marsupials were successful in avoiding their unnatural predators.

Such findings would have important consequences for

Tasmania as well, since foxes have recently been introduced on the island. It is unclear whether the foxes were introduced intentionally or by mistake.

Eastern quolls are nocturnal opportunists, eating everything from small animals, carrion, grass, fruit, and even garbage where it is available. While females give birth to up to thirty young, they only have teats for six, causing the majority to perish.

Quolls or native cats (genus *Dasyurus*) are carnivorous marsupials, native to Australia and Papua New Guinea. There are six species:

New Guinean Quoll, *Dasyurus albopunctatus*
Western Quoll or Chuditch, *Dasyurus geoffroyi*
Northern Quoll, *Dasyurus hallucatus*
Tiger Quoll or Spotted Quoll, *Dasyurus maculatus*
Bronze Quoll, *Dasyurus spartacus*
Eastern Quoll, *Dasyurus viverrinus*

They are perfect examples of convergent evolution filling the same ecological role as mustelids and viverrids amongst placental mammals.

YAY FOR DEBS

A "lost" type of deer has been found on a remote mountainside in Indonesia's Sumatra island 80 years after the last confirmed sighting, experts said. Debbie Martyr, best known to cryptozoologists for her work with orang pendek, and a colleague rescued the deer – about the size of a large dog – from a tiger hunter's snare 6,400 feet high in the mountains of the Kerinci-Seblat National Park while they were looking for poachers.



The Sumatran muntjac, about the size of a large dog, was photographed and rescued from a hunter's snare 6,400 feet high in mountains of the Kerinci-Seblat National Park.

The species was originally discovered in 1914 but had not been seen since 1930, Flora & Fauna International, whose experts found the deer along with park officials, said in a statement.

Two more of the deer were later photographed elsewhere in the park. The snared deer was photographed in 2002 but only recognized as a Sumatran muntjac this year, in a 2008 international "Red List" of endangered species, after scientists confirmed that it was a different species from the related red muntjac.

NICE MICE

A mouse species, which was thought to have been extinct in New South Wales for 150 years, has been found living in a drought-ravaged national park in the state's far west. It is the first time anyone has seen the desert mouse in the Sturt National Park near Tibooburra since 1857.

The manager of the area's National Parks and Wildlife Service, Ingrid Witte, says a PhD student at the University of New South Wales, Ulrike Kloecker, made the important discovery. *"We certainly didn't expect any new finds,"* she said. *"[Ms Kloecker] has been out their travelling and had to get the manual book out again to identify this species because she had never come across it and yep, there it was."*

Ms Witte says further investigations will now take place to try to find other desert mice. She says it is exciting that the park can still yield mammals despite the prolonged drought.

"Although it is a rodent, it doesn't look like a little house mouse that we know of. This one is really a beautiful colour," she said. *"It has a buff-orange ring around its eyes, it is quite an attractive little thing."*

Ms Ulrike, who works in Sturt National Park investigating the ecology of the small mammal and reptile communities, said in a statement that she was excited by the discovery.



CAT CONUNDRUM

This photograph was taken by Aldo Somoza of Fundación Jocotoco (FJ), who was helping with the construction of the new visitors' lodge on the Jorupe Reserve, Ecuador. It is thought to be a new species of cat, still to be described, which was first seen two years ago in Peru. The Jorupe Reserve, owned and managed by the World Land Trust's partners FJ, is close to the border with Peru and this would be the first known sighting in Ecuador.

If not a new species, the only other cat it could possibly be is an Andean Cat (*Oreailurus jacobita*), one of the rarest of all the cat species, about which very little is known. Its habitat and appearance make it the small cat analogue of the Snow Leopard. While it is only about the size of a domestic cat, it appears larger because of its long tail and silvery-gray, striped and spotted long fur.

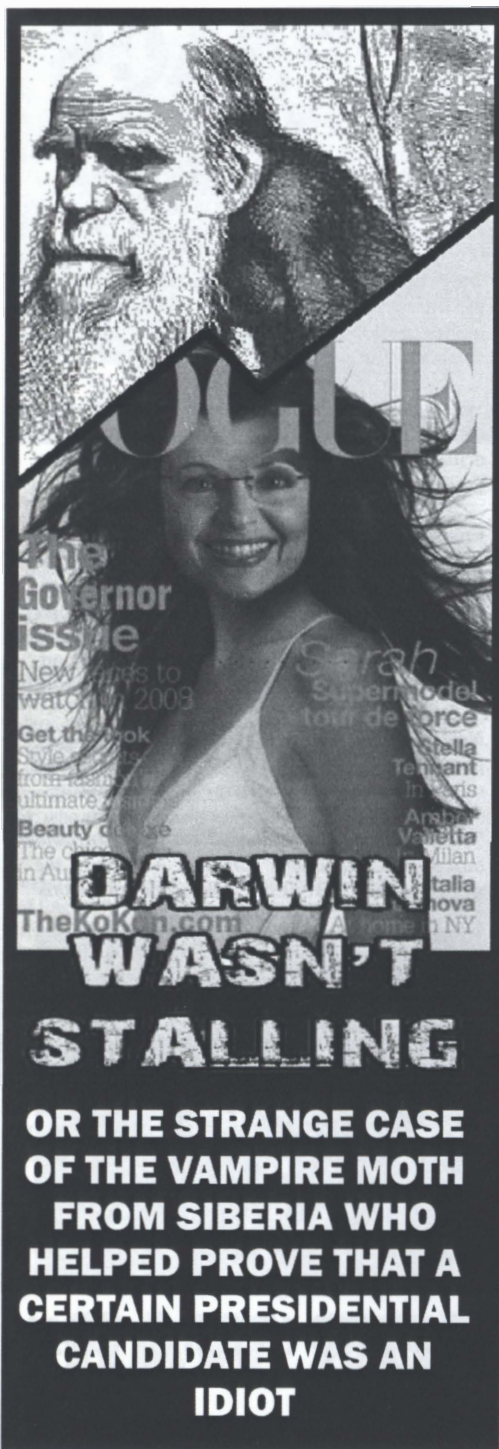
It is believed to live only in the high Andes mountains of Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Argentina. It has been sighted at elevations of 5,100 meters, well above the tree line. Since it lives only in the high mountains, human-inhabited

valleys act as barriers, fragmenting the population, meaning that even low levels of poaching could be devastating. It is often killed in Chile and Bolivia because of local superstition.

Over the last 25 years there have been fewer than 10 documented sightings. Lou Jost, of Fundación EcoMinga, also an Ecuadorian partner of the WLT, is lucky enough to have seen the Andean Cat, not just once but twice. When presented with this photo, Lou commented:

"The ground color is very similar. However I didn't see any strong patterns on the legs, like this one has, though I would not have seen that from the angles I had (just the back and sides of the animal running through dense vegetation, both times). The elevations of my sightings were very high, around 2800-3000 m, and very wet, completely different from Jorupe. I could easily imagine that there is a new species of cat endemic to the Tumbesian zone of SW Ecuador and NW Peru."





A previously unknown population of vampire moths has been found in Siberia. And in a twist worthy of a Halloween horror movie, entomologists say the bloodsuckers may have evolved from a purely fruit-eating species.

National Geographic News
October 27, 2008

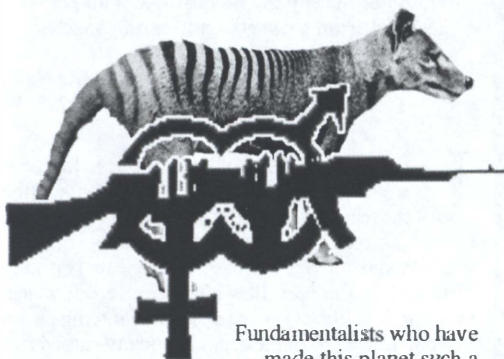
Loyal CFZwatchers will have noticed that over the last few years we have been getting increasingly militant. This is because, alongside many other people from the worlds of both art and science we have become increasingly disturbed at the way in which we see our planet heading. We, like everyone else in the intelligentia in what little is left of the euphemistically named free world (note lower case lettering) is engaged in a war. It is a war against stupidity, it is a war against prejudice, it is a war against ignorance, and it is a war against those who would seek to curb our intellectual freedoms, and those of our children.

We are gratified to see that the American people did what we had all been hoping that they would do, and voted for the Democratic Party in the recent Presidential Election. Purely from an ecological point of view, this was the only thing that anyone with an ethical conscience could have done. McCain committed electoral suicide the moment that he chose Sarah Palin as his running mate. You want to know who the CFZ are at war with? She is the perfect encapsulation of what we believe to be a complete legitimate military target. She is stupid, of questionable literacy, seems to have no ecological conscience whatsoever, and possibly worst of all, is not just a fundamentalist Young Earth Creationist, but a militant example of that unfortunate breed.

Now, we believe in free speech here at the CFZ, and we would hate anybody to think that we are prejudiced against any belief system within the life sciences. We are not. Over the last decade and a half we have printed articles by people who are adherents of all sorts of esoteric belief systems, including Initial Bipedalism, Velikovskyism, and various peculiar branches of paganism. We are not anti-Christian. Many members of the CFZ hierarchy, including the director himself, are practicing Christians. What we are against, in all its forms, is mindless fundamentalism. Because it is mindless

**creature
feature** 
THE CFZ INVESTIGATES

IF YOU WANT PEACE



Fundamentalists who have made this planet such a difficult place to live in the early years of the 21st century. If creationism were like the other esoteric belief systems listed above, and prepared to enter into a logical, civilized, and intelligent debate within the forum of the CFZ, then - while not agreeing with them - we would support their right to voice their opinion.

But it is not like that. Not like that at all.

Young earth creationists like Sarah Palin do not believe in scientific proof. Their personal belief systems are based entirely on superstition. Even the Christians within the CFZ hierarchy believe that large chunks of the book of Genesis are no more than a creation myth handed down as an oral tradition from the nomadic peoples who eventually became the 12 tribes of Israel. There's no shame in this; as Jonathan Downes, CFZ Director says "I have no problem accepting the existence of God, either alpha or omega. But I also have no problem accepting that many of my friends and colleagues do not believe - and it is their inalienable right not to believe. I also have no philosophical problem in squaring my belief with my complete acceptance of the theory of evolution, and the big-bang theory. The universe is just over 13 billion years old. Get over it!"

But one of the problems of being a foot soldier in Darwin's Army, is that much of evolutionary theory is little understood, even amongst those

who believe in it. The fact that evolution is an ongoing process seems to escape a lot of people, and so when we are confronted by a story like this one - where fortan zoology meets evolution in action, it is important that we showcase it.

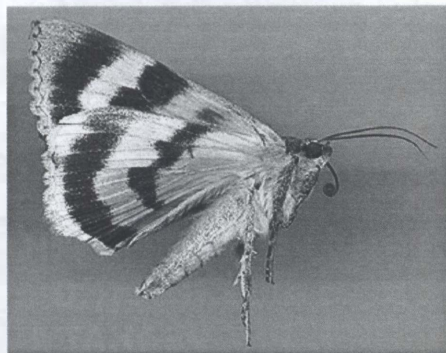
Only slight variations in wing patterns distinguish the Russian population from a widely distributed moth species, *Calyptra thalictri*, in central and southern Europe known to feed only on fruit.

When the Russian moths were experimentally offered human hands this summer, the insects drilled their hook-and-barb-lined tongues under the skin and sucked blood.

Entomologist Jennifer Zaspel at the University of Florida in Gainesville said the discovery suggests the moth population could be on an "*evolutionary trajectory*" away from other *C. thalictri* populations. This is the second population of vampire moths Zaspel and her team have found. They discovered the first in Russia in 2006.

Next January, she will compare the Russian population's DNA to that of other populations and other species to confirm her suspicions.

"Based on geography, based on behavior, and based on a phenotypic variation we saw in the wing pattern, we can speculate that this



PREPARE FOR WAR

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represents something different, something new," Zaspel said. But it is really difficult to say without knowing genetic differences between individuals in that population, and among individuals from other populations, how different this group is going to be."

But if it turns out that Zaspel has indeed caught a fruit-eating moth evolving blood-feeding behavior, it could provide clues as to how some moths develop a taste for blood. Some researchers, she noted, hypothesize that blood-feeding in insects and animals evolved from behaviors such as feeding on tears, dung, and pus-filled wounds.

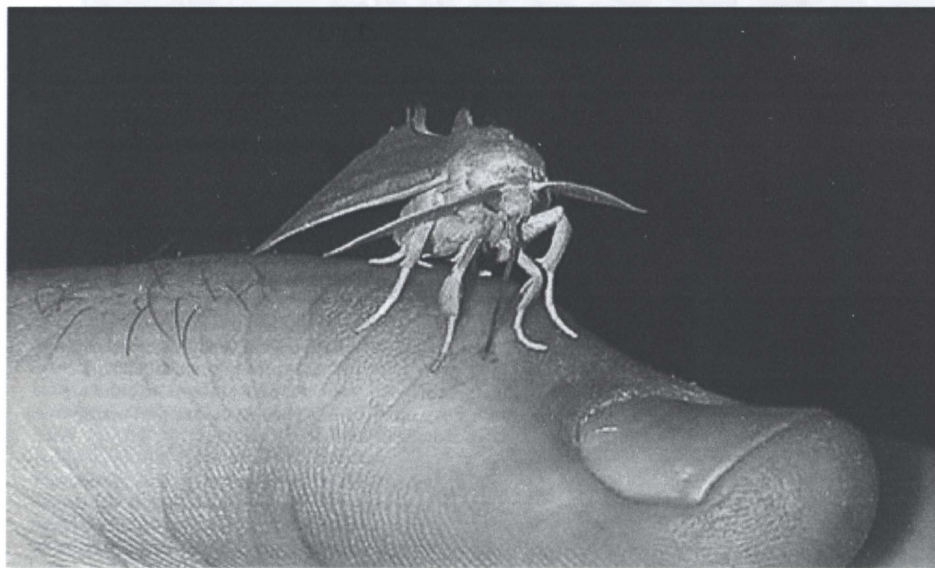
"We see a progression from nectar feeding and licking or lapping at fruit juices to different kinds of piercing behaviors of fruits and then finally culminating in this skin piercing and blood-

feeding," she said.

The story doesn't end here. We are great believers that a surprisingly large proportion of the animals with which mainstream cryptozoology is concerned are not prehistoric survivors. They are newly evolved creatures that are moulded by the peculiar environmental conditions in which they find themselves, and which - in many cases - we, as a species, have created for them through our own thoughtless activities.

If we adopt this as a paradigm of cryptozoology the whole face of what we do seems to change almost instantaneously.

Roll over Sarah Palin, and tell Charlie Darwin the news!



OBITUARIES



TESSIE THE CFZ DOG (C.1991-2008)

Tess was unique among the dogs I have had as she was the only one that I didn't know since she was a puppy. Her background is hazy. Apparently she had first been owned by a disabled man who could not exercise her as well as he would have like. He passed her onto a friend who later, because of work commitments passed her on to a woman named Tracey Freestone who subsequently became Graham's girlfriend.

I would often see Tess being walked and stop to make a fuss of her because she was such a delightful little dog. A sheltie, border collie cross she reminded me of my childhood companion 'Sandy', who was a border collie, golden retriever cross. When Tracey and her former boyfriend split up Tess came to stay with us and after Tracey's death we adopted Tess as the CFZ dog.

Tess was around nine when we had her but was often mistaken for a puppy she was so active and playful. During summer she never tired of diving into the river after balls. She made friends everywhere she went. In particular a lady who worked in the WH Smiths on Exeter train station always enquired after her. Many times her

past owners and their friends would stop and make a fuss of her.

When Jon moved up to Woolsery, Tess came along as he had a large garden and there were plenty of country walks to be had. About a year ago, Tess fell victim to a condition where the corneas on her eyes slipped, leaving her blind. Both operations and medicine failed to save her sight. However she got along quite well, finding her way round the house and garden.

Over the past few months she had become increasingly frail and prone to collapse. This condition worsened until she could not walk. She merely stood around then violently collapsed when she tried to move. In order to save her any suffering, I had her put to sleep on Tuesday 16th of September 2008.

To me losing a dog is like losing a child. I've always preferred dogs to people. There is no duplicity about them. They have no hidden agenda. A dog gives its love totally and truly. Goodbye, Daddy's little girl. **Richard Freeman**



KEN CAMPBELL

1941-2008

It was a June evening, 1977, in Cornwall, when I staggered home on one of those returning-after-three-days-and-nights-of-it occasions. Having given me a clatter around the port side of the skull, Mrs Shiels informed me that Ken Campbell wanted to see me. She had told him that I would probably be in the village pub.. "Oh no", thought I.

My mother, being a McEwan, had always warned me about - and against - the Clan Campbell (Glencoe etc), quite correctly.

Enough about me. This is supposed to be an obituary for my dead pal, Ken. He was quite famous. He had just done the *Illuminatus* thing, and married the very beautiful Prunella Gee ("Oh look, that's Pru" to quote females of the Shiels tribe viewing *Coronation Street*, during the last year or so).

So.... Back to June, 1977, shortly after the finest photies of Nessie had appeared in the Pressie, Ken Campbell arrived in Ponsanooth, Cornwall, with a rough idea for 'a kind of a show', based on Fortean stuff, wizardry, and more than a hinten of freaky theatricality. I sauntered down to the *Stag Hunt Inn* and met Ken.

No wainscoting.

Kenneth Victor Campbell was a generous man, unlike

It was 'Doc' Shiels who first introduced me to Ken Campbell, at the 2002 Unconvention. My mother had just died and I was drinking far too much - a pursuit in which the good Doctor was only too happy to help me indulge. He and I were sitting at the CFZ stall drinking tasteless and overpriced bottled lager when Ken came up. "Oaaarh ya gobshite" roared Tony, and leapt to his feet to embrace him.

The afternoon went downhill from there.

It ended up with the three of us busking for beers. Me playing guitar, and the three of us extemporising blues songs about passers by in exchange for beer. When I heard that Ken had died there was only one person that I could possibly ask to write his obituary.

other wry-mouths of that ilk. That night and beyond, in Ponsanooth and Falmouth, he plied the two of us with pints of Guinness, whisky chasers, and a rake of small cigars. We agreed and disagreed about almost everything. Eventually, I agreed to do 'a kind of a show', with my wife and kids, relating to monsters and forteana, or forteana and monsters. Ken told me to write a script. I wrote at least ten... each and every one of them 'brilliant', according to Ken.

Still 1977, Christopher Fairbank arrived. A marvellous actor, young Chris (as he was then), had done his stuff in

the *Illuminatus* marathon, worshipped Ken, and had been directed to direct the Shields mob in what was *Distant Humps*, a kind of a show. Christopher lived with us for several weeks. Poor fellow. I love him dearly.

Jump ahead, here, for the third night of a try-it-out-in-Falmouth go at *Distant Humps* (a 'triumph' by the by). The first night had been dreadful. Ken and Pru were there. Our 'theatre' was a World War II hut at the back of the *Docks & Railway Hotel* and knocking shop. After the show, after several drinks, after the audience had left, after midnight, Ken suggested a few changes. He was probably right, but I told him he was 'full of shite'. A split second after that comment, Christopher Fairbank delivered a strongly efficient punch to my gob, causing me to fly backwards through about four rows of seating arrangements. Instantly and endearingly, my kids ganged up on Mr Fairbank and disabled him.

The next scene involved my youngest daughter making an impassioned speech, followed by Pru, agreeing with Lucy, followed by us all hugging like luvvies, getting even drunker, and, next morning, deciding to forget it. That's showbiz.

Ken was a bit of a genius. He and I stayed in contact, over the years, and came up with quite a few 'maybe' plans. For example - it may have been in the 1980s - he wrote to me asking if I would be interested in playing the role of a Punch and Judy Professor in a film and/or TV play. I thought 'no'. Anyway, Ken turned up in Ponsanooth again, with his daughter Daisy, whilst I was busy boozing in West Penrith. Eventually, I returned to *The Stag*, where Ken had waited for hours. I told him I didn't want to be involved. Ken advised me to look at the script. It was unexciting. But then Ken said, "Ah, but you would be working with 'The Head'".

"The Head?"

"Nabil - all head, very little body, smaller than the average dwarf, as we know and love them. He will play Punch and Ernie" (Don't ask).

I told Ken I would do it if I could re-write the script, direct the thing, and have a new pair of shoes. All of this was agreed. We met the potential producers in London, we lunched and got squiffy with Nabil the Head. I was wearing Ken's shoes. Almost forgot to tell you, Ken got punched in Ponsanooth by the boyfriend of one of my vampire ladies. Ken and Daisy spent the night in his van, parked up at Vale View Terrace. The movie didn't happen.

Vampire ladies? Yes, Ken and I shared an interest in the bloodsucking undead, Sherlock Holmes, too. Campbell played the part of Goose Stuffer, Ryder, in a Granada screening of *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle* starring Jeremy Brett as the Great Sherlock. It would be unfair not to mention the fact that Chris Fairbank has

appeared, onstage, as Inspector Lestrade. It would also be unfair not to mention the fact that one of my daughters-in-law was in Ken's long-running (boom boom!) production of Neil Oram's *Time Warp*, along with Bill Nighy. Now there's a fine opportunity for fortune link making, but we don't have the time or space. Geddit?

Although Ken Campbell, famously, could only do an Ilford accent, he had Liverpool Irish blood. We won't mention Glencoe again. Ooops! **TONY DOC SHIELDS**

Michael Crichton (1942 2008)

John Michael Crichton was born on the 23rd of October in Chicago and raised in New York. Crichton graduated from Harvard in 1964 with a degree in anthropology and went on to lecture at Cambridge University in 1965. He returned to the U.S.A. to study for an M.D. at Harvard Medical School and graduated in 1969.

It was whilst at medical school that Crichton penned his first book, *Odds On*; a novel about the perfect robbery planned by a computer analysis program, under the pseudonym John Lange. Crichton wrote 12 books between 1966 and 1974 all under pseudonyms apart from the modern classic *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Terminal Man*.

After 1972 he wrote books a lot less prolifically as he spread his attentions to other forms of media, and after critical success no longer hid his work behind pseudonyms. Other media Crichton wrote for included; *Amazon* - one of the most successful text adventure games of the 1980s, long running medical drama tv series *ER* and the screenplay for the film *Twister* which he co-wrote with his then wife. He will be best remembered for writing some of the greatest ever technological thrillers ever created, among these were *Sphere*, *Westworld* and *Jurassic Park*, all of which were turned into films which Crichton contributed to the screenplays of. The most famous of his books, *Jurassic Park*, led to the only direct sequel he ever wrote; *Jurassic Park 2: The Lost World*, a book vastly superior to the travesty that was the second *Jurassic Park* film for which Crichton helped write the screenplay. The author had more success co-writing the screenplay of the third *Jurassic Park* movie, which some critics hailed as even better than the original film.

Crichton was not without his flaws. Towards the end of his life he became a supporter of the insane notion that human activity, particularly the burning of fossil fuels, was not involved with climate change, but he will always be remembered as one of the most talented and prolific writers of our times.

Crichton died of cancer on the 4th of November 2008. **Oll Lewis**



MYSTERY CATS DIARY

On November 20th 2008, Max Blake, (18) one of the frighteningly intelligent and enthusiastic youngsters who are dragging the CFZ kicking and screaming towards the second decade of the 21st Century, rang us up and told us about this news story from the *Western Daily Press*:

"A farmer is calling in sharpshooters to deal with a big cat believed to be responsible for destroying 28 of his pedigree sheep and dozens of others in a grisly three-week spate of killings in Somerset.

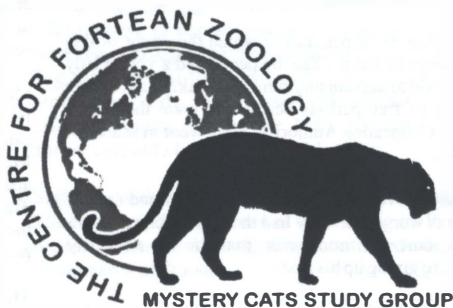
On Thursday John Chislett, 28, who farms on the Mendip Hills, told how he saw the beast he believes is responsible - a black puma-like animal which calmly stopped to look at him, then disappeared over a hedge.

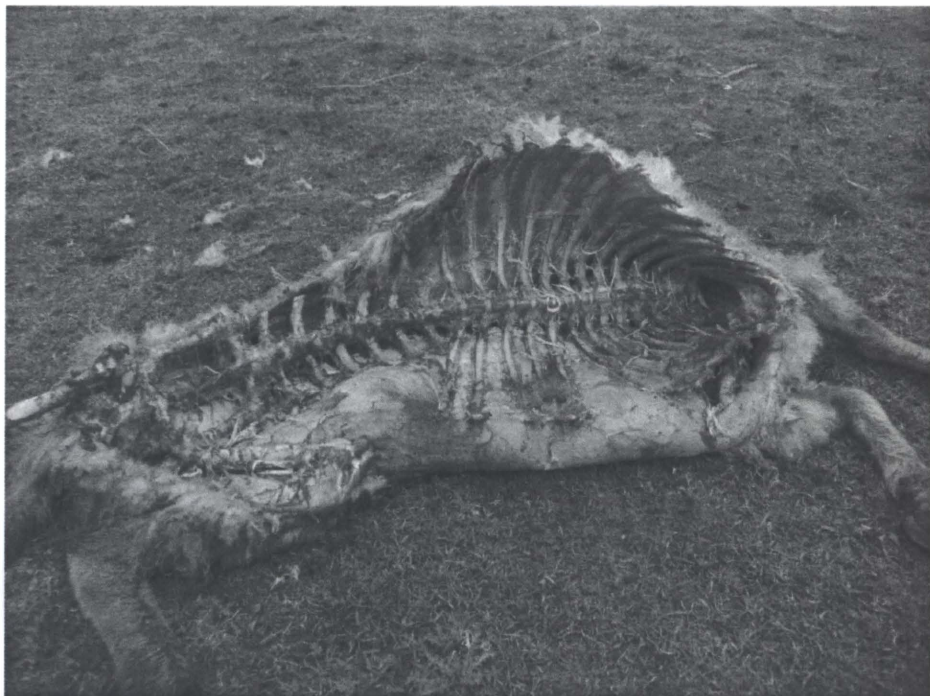
He said: "The sheep had deep rips in their sides and other injuries which would not have been caused by a dog. Then two days ago when my fiancée and I were up there where the sheep were attacked we saw a big black cat.

"It was like a puma, nothing like a dog. It was just walking down a hedgerow only 30 yards away. It stopped and looked at us and then just carried on walking and jumped over the hedge."

In the past month three farmers who keep sheep in the area have lost dozens of livestock, killed or fatally mutilated by a mystery animal.

Mr Chislett, who lives in the Mendip village of West Cranmore, described his horror at finding animals from his 250-strong flock, dead or dying at Long Cross in Stoke St Michael. Speaking from the scene of the tragedy yesterday he said: "This is no dog. The sheep have slashes across them, deep rips in their sides, their guts have been pulled out and their ears ripped off. Two have had their throats





ripped out. A dog will chase, worry, kill, and leave, or the sheep often die from the worry of the chase - but this is not the work of a dog."

Max was particularly interested because he - quite literally - only lives just around the corner from the scene of the attacks. He knows several people, including his own sister, who have seen what appear to be mystery cats in the area, and has always had a deep and enduring interest in cryptozoology.

Showing powers of persuasion which the editor of this journal never had at his age, he persuaded a young lady called Cassie to accompany him, and - taking advantage of a spate of free periods bestowed upon them by a munificent Education Authority - they went in search of adventure.

When they arrived at Chislett's farm, they found that the situation is worse than they had thought. The predations have become so numerous that he is seriously considering giving up his flock.

He has seen a light brown, puma-like animal on a number

of occasions, and other people in the area have reported seeing similar creatures, as well as 'black panthers' and 'a lynx with a long tail'.

He showed Max and Cassie six of the bodies of his slaughtered sheep. They took photographs, the most explicit of which is printed - exclusively - above. Interestingly, Mr Chislett told them that although some internal organs - including lungs - had been left in the carcass when originally found, they had subsequently disappeared, which leads one to suspect that the damage to the cadavers has been exacerbated somewhat by secondary predation - probably by foxes.

Max took a sheaf of the new CFZ Mystery Cat reporting forms with him, and has also started a publicity campaign in his local area appealing for more witnesses. Max has a part time job at a local outdoor sports centre, and is in a prime position to gather more information. The CFZ trigger cameras are being posted off to him in the next few days, and Max is in negotiations about putting them up.

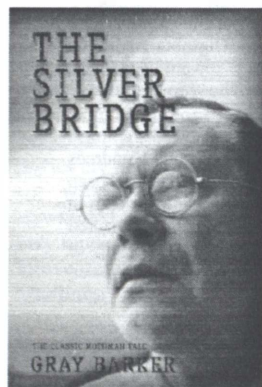
The game is most certainly afoot.



For this issue, I thought I would do something a bit different with my regular Letter from America, and alert you to some good, new product in the worlds of cryptozoology and all-things-monstrous So, here goes:

BARKER, THE BEAST AND THE BRIDGE:

Gray Barker's own, unique take on what is arguably that most mysterious of all crypto-creatures - the Mothman - is now back in-print. Yep, his classic title, *The Silver Bridge* (the original of which regularly goes for a whopping \$150.00 and above online) has just been re-printed. And here's what the back-cover blurb says about Barker's book:



What kind of book is *The Silver Bridge*? Well, it is primarily not about the collapse of the "Silver Bridge" in Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia, which killed almost 50 people back in 1967 - though it does describe the strange events that preceded the collapse.

Is it about "Mothman," the hypnotic bird-man who terrified the Ohio

and Kanawha Valleys in 1966 and later became as famous as Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster. Or...Is it a dramatic, emotional docudrama, such as when we hear the sobbing of a sad child, calling for his dog after the unfortunate animal has been mysteriously snatched out of this world?

And what about Woody Derenberger, wondering whether he should tell his neighbors about the otherworldly "Indrid Cold," who stopped his van on Interstate 77 for a mind-shattering "interplanetary" interview? It can't be science fiction, because these events actually occurred, as a search through the newspaper files of this time will prove.

One suspects that Barker has in fact written something completely different. It's a new genre of sorts, about a creature that, ironically, may be very old. Ancient lore tells us that flying avatars similar to the Mothman, such as the Garuda, Thunderbird, and Piasa, have been around a long time.

The Silver Bridge is multi-layered and will likely be interpreted differently by each reader. Some will rave of its "deep psychological content," others its "social commentary." Many will be content to sit back and simply enjoy this hair-raising narrative - though it might well creep nightmarishly back into their minds late at night, like the barely audible chanting of robed figures in the foggy, moonlit woods. Regardless of what *The Silver Bridge* really is, one thing is certain: it will haunt you forever...

A MONSTER DIARY:

I do quite a bit of writing (such as introductions, etc) for Timothy Green Beckley's Global Communications publishing company. And, right now, Tim has just published a new title that will appeal to anyone with an interest in weird creatures, monsters and more.

Titled Andrew Crosse: Mad Scientist - Diary of a Monster Maker!, it tells the fascinating story of a man, a monster, a famous novel, and much, much more.

I have written the Introduction to the book, and here's Tim to tell you more:

He was known as "The Thunder And Lightning Man..."

Was Andrew Crosse (1784-1855) a real life Dr

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Frankenstein?

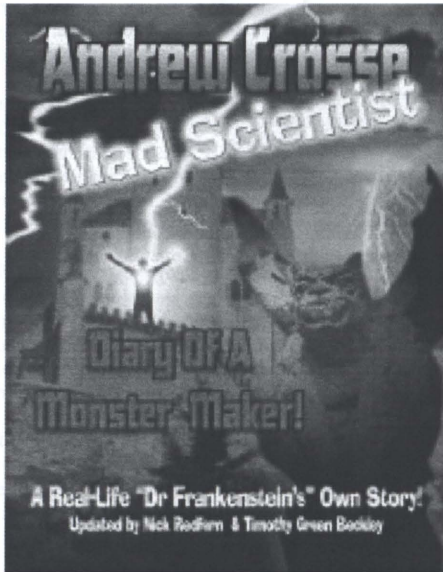
Did he create the building blocks of life in his laboratory? Or was he delusional? Or perhaps even a total fraud?

His contemporaries in the scientific community were puzzled by the very nature of his experiments. And while the eye does not deceive, they were unable to duplicate his findings and reproduce under controlled conditions the striking life forms that were plainly visible and clearly moving around Crosse's laboratory table.

To the farmers living in the area surrounding Crosse's palatial Fyne Court, he quickly became recognized as a heretic dabbling in dark areas that led him to be on the receiving end of a significant number of irate letters from God-fearing folk who summarily and loudly accused him of blasphemy, or even trying to replace their God as the ultimate creator.

The contentions of the nearby country folk were only compounded by Andrew Crosse's ability to seemingly capture bolts of lightning and direct them through a mile long coil of copper wire that was suspended from poles and trees all around his estate. Events reached a boiling point when Crosse started to receive anonymous death threats. There were those who firmly blamed him for a failure in the year's wheat-crop; and there was even a demand that an exorcism of the whole area be undertaken in the surrounding green hills.

Here, in his own words, Andrew Crosse describes in great detail his life and times and the experiments that caused such a great controversy in his day -- and continue to frighten and bewilder us even now! In a breathtaking update paranormalist Nick Redfern takes us behind the scenes and actually describes Crosse's relationship with the creator of the Frankenstein novel, Mary Shelley.



THE KENTUCKY WILDMAN:

This is a book I missed when it was published in July. Written by Philip Spencer, it's titled *The Wildman of Kentucky*. Here's the publisher's information on the book:

There is probably no other unknown creature that arouses more curiosity than the Bigfoot or Sasquatch. Yes, there is the Loch Ness Monster, the Chupacabra and other great beasts of lore but the Bigfoot remains the most compelling as it pulls us toward ourselves, shadowing the unknown X factor of our very origins.

The case files contain thousands of reported sightings, yet no actual specimen has ever been found. Hundreds of photographs exist, but the creature has not been identified. Still, the clues accumulate year after year. In the heart of Kentucky there is an ancient and sacred ground known as Panther Rock. For many years tales of strange events have been reported but never investigated in full.

Now, for the first time an intrepid group of explorers

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joins author, Philip Spencer to venture deep into what is known in Kentucky as the "dark and bloody ground" in search of the truth. Join Philip and the Reality Team of Special Investigators as they uncover new Bigfoot witnesses, a variety of mysterious evidence and chilling historical tales. Journey with them into the dark woods of the Frazier Land and experience the amazing paranormal and terrifying events.

BIGFOOT IN PRINT:

Just published is this new book from Chelsea House: *Bigfoot, Yeti and Other Ape-Men*. As the publisher's blurb states:

"Taller than a human, smellier than a skunk, and stronger than a bear, the hairy creature known as Bigfoot, or Sasquatch, has been reported for centuries. Though Bigfoot has been encountered mostly in North America, similar unknown primates are said to dwell in Asia, India, and Tibet, where they are called Yeti. Other reports of wild ape-men in Russia, South America, and many other areas suggest that different types of unknown ape-men exist in a wide variety of locations worldwide. Bigfoot, Yeti, and Other Ape-Men recounts historical and modern cases and sightings of mysterious creatures from various cultures around the world. Although many claims about Bigfoot and similar creatures are backed by scientific evidence of some kind, no definitive proof of their existence has yet been discovered."

Chapters in the book include: The Arrival of Bigfoot; The Classic Cases; Wild Ape-men Across the World; Sasquatch Science; and Famous Hoaxes.

And with Christmas just around the corner, why not treat yourselves to a few of the above titles? Disappointed, you will not be!

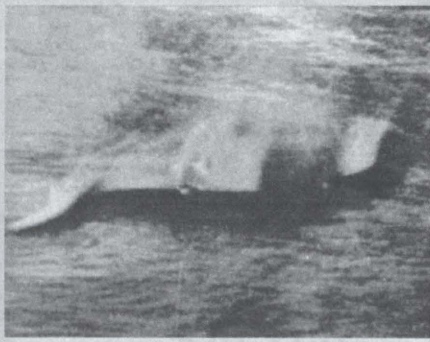
Nick Redfern runs the US Office of the CFZ and can be contacted at his website nickredfern.com

Happy Birthday Nessie

75 years ago, on the 12th of November 1933 a man named Hugh Gray was walking home from church when he saw something that would, for monster hunters at least, change the world. As luck would have it he had his camera with him so he was able to photograph what he saw and the rest is history.

Gray had obtained the first ever photograph of Nessie, so after a trickle of witness reports appearing in the newspapers, the press finally had 'cast iron proof' of a monsters existence in the loch. Now that this evidence had been gathered it would surely not be long until Nessie was captured. It was a shame events didn't quite work out that way, hampered by criticisms that Gray's photograph looked like it might be a blurry photograph of a dog carrying a stick in its mouth if you squinted enough. Another problem with the photograph is that it contains no size references and we only have Gray's word to go on that he photographed a large animal. Problems like this could have been the death-knell for the legend but she has endured over the decades and nowadays is as synonymous with Scotland to outsiders as haggis, kilts and shortbread, long may she continue to be.

Happy birthday, old-girl, have a slice of cake on me.
Oll Lewis



AQUATIC MONSTERS LOG BOOK

BY OLL LEWIS

SWEEDED MOVIE

In August, a film crew claimed to have captured the monster of Storsjön Lake in Sweden on film. The film shows a long thin creature, similar in shape to an eel with a slightly bulbous head, undulating in front of a low-resolution camera. In some frames of the film, as the subject turns what could be external gills, similar to those of an axolotl, can be seen but due to the low resolution of the camera it is difficult to be 100% sure of this. As well as the poor resolution of the infrared camera there is another problem with the film that thwarts attempts to be able to proclaim it as proof of the existence of the Storsjön monster; there is no size reference at all in the film. This means that the subject of the film could be any size from gigantic to microscopic, and we only have the filmmaker's word to go on.



The lack of size reference has led some commentators to postulate that the subject of the film could be a sperm cell, due to the subject's bulbous head. However as no sperm possess external gills, being a single cell, if the subject does possess external gills it is definitely not a sperm cell. It is easy to say what the subject of the film is not, but as is frustratingly common with film of supposed cryptids the poor quality of the video stymies any attempt to draw cast iron conclusions upon what animal it might be, if indeed it is an animal and not a hoax or misidentification. The film crew will be increasing the number of cameras they have in the lake



to thirty by next summer. Hopefully the new cameras will be higher resolution than the current one and size references in the frame so if the subject of this film makes a repeat appearance more solid conclusions may be drawn.

Storsjön is Sweden's fifth largest lake with a surface area of 464 km² and a depth of up to 74 m. The monster, commonly known as Storsjödjuret, is described as being long and serpentine in appearance with a head similar to a dog, and either humps or fins along its back. The vast majority of witness reports have come from the south east of the lake where the lake divides into two smaller channels. The creature was first recorded by a vicar and folklorist named Morgens Pedersen in 1635 in the following legend:

"A long, long time ago two trolls, Jata and Kata, stood on the shores of the Great Lake brewing a concoction in their cauldrons. They brewed and mixed and added to the liquid for days and weeks and years. They knew not what would result from their brew but they wondered about it a great deal. One evening there was heard a strange sound from one of their cauldrons. There was a wailing, a groaning and a crying, then suddenly came a loud bang. A strange animal with a black serpentine body and a cat-like head jumped out of the cauldron and disappeared into the lake. The monster enjoyed living in the lake, grew unbelievably larger and awakened terror among the people whenever it appeared. Finally, it extended all the way round the island of Frösön, and could even bite its own tail. Ketil Runskel bound the mighty monster with a strong spell which was carved on a stone and raised on the island of Frösön. The serpent was pictured on the stone. Thus was the spell to be tied till the day someone came who could read and understand the inscription on the stone."



The head of the monster, or at least a monster from the lake, is also said to have been buried under the rune stone mentioned by Morgens Pedersen, the Frösöstenen, which was carved around 1050 AD and has a serpent eating its own tail depicted upon it. Today Storsjödjuret receives similar protection under Swedish law as the Loch Ness monster and other lake monsters do in Britain.

A `HAVEN` FOR MANATEES?

Milford Haven, it seems to me, is the place to be if you want to see strange things at sea. Not only was this, and more specifically Pembroke Dock, the place where a sea monster was sighted and photographed in 2003 (investigated by Richard Freeman in A&M#35) but it is, according to some, home to Britain's first manatee.



A young lady called Carol Morgan noticed something moving in the water from her window overlooking Hobbs Point as she was making her sandwiches before heading off to work at the local leisure centre in early August. At first she thought the creature was just a plastic box covered with algae, but when she noticed it moving she fetched her telescope to get a closer look.

When she got a closer look at the animal she noticed that its face resembled a pot-bellied pig. Carol continued watching as the animal pulled itself up onto a slipway where it appeared to be foraging for food. After a short while the animal returned to the water where it submerged and presumably swam off.

Soon after a dog walker appeared on the slipway and Carol realised that the animal, which she had thought was the size of a dog, was as big as a cow.

Francis Bunker, a local marine biologist, told the local press that he believed the creature Carol had seen was a manatee. However, manatees do not come onto land to forage for food as Carol had observed, so it is more likely the creature was a seal.

There is no reason a manatee could not survive in the warm waters of Pembroke and Milford Haven which would provide as similar a habitat to the Gulf of Mexico that a manatee could hope to find on the British coast. If a manatee were to come from the US to the UK it would also follow the warm currents of the gulf stream which would lead it to the South Wales coast.

Whatever the creature Carol saw was, it almost certainly was not the cause of the 2003 sea serpent sighting. The 2003 sea serpent (see picture below) was five times as long as a car, had a large black fin on its back and a snake-like head.



WEST HARTFORD, WISHFUL THINKING

'Is there a mysterious creature living in a West Hartford, Connecticut reservoir?' screamed a headline from NBC in response to a sighting of what appeared to be a spiky backed monster by a lady named Barbara Blanchfield in early September.

"When I saw the tail part of it, which looked ancient the way the spikes are [sic], I just said, 'Oh my God, I think I got something here,'" Barbara said.

Luckily she had a camera on her and photographed the 'beast' and has shown the photos to officials with the Metropolitan District Commission, who are now



working with their wildlife and patrol department to determine what it could possibly be. CFZfolk are divided upon what it is. Some (Jon *et al*) believe it to be the back of a large snapping turtle, whilst others (especially yours truly) believe that it is clear from the photo that it is just rotten wood that has been revealed by a lower water level in the reservoir.

THAT FUNNY LITTLE OGOPOGO

In November, the History Channel's 'Monster Quest' programme undertook an ambitious search for Ogoopogo in Lake Okanagan. The scope of the search was unprecedented on the lake utilising aerial photography, sonar, hydrophones, divers, remotely operated underwater cameras and, for the first time, thermal imaging cameras. The production company also hired Arlene Gaal, writer of three books on the Ogoopogo, as a consultant. Monster Quest finished their search for the creature on the 10th of November and released their preliminary findings to a waiting press.

They claimed not to have caught the Ogoopogo itself on film but to have discovered a baby Ogoopogo in an underwater cave. The body that the production company claims is a baby Ogoopogo is about six to eight inches (15-20cm) long and has a fluke-like tail and was retrieved from the cave by divers. The corpse has been sent to the Biodiversity Institute in Guelph, Ontario for DNA testing to confirm whether or not it is a new species.

However, the findings are not entirely convincing least of all to Arlene Gaal who said: *"The Ogopogo is real, but I don't know what this is. I had my doubts when the crew presented me with their findings. It looked to me like a decomposing ling cod."*

Perhaps the best one can hope for is this does not turn into the lake monster equivalent of the recent Bigfoot hoax.

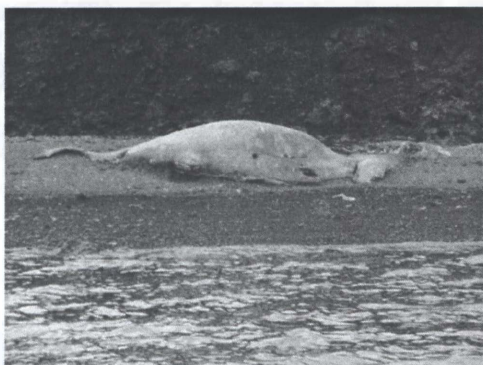
WHAT IS IT? HANG ON ALASKA.

Residents of Nunivak Island in Alaska discovered an unusual corpse washed up on one of their beaches in August. The corpse was discovered by local resident Barry Whitman and his wife Lisa who originally thought that the corpse was that of a walrus and approached it in the hope of being able to salvage the tusks to sell on for a high price.

As the Whitmans got close to the corpse it became clear that it was not a walrus and Lisa started to photograph the body.

She said that the end of the corpse that appeared to be the tail was a diamond shape around three foot (90cm) long attached to a six foot (1.80m) long body. The underside of the body was covered with 'fur', which was likely the result of decomposing blubber, indicating that the animal was possibly a marine mammal.

The couple later showed the photos to Barry's father,



Moses Whitman, who said he'd never seen an animal like the one in the photo but it reminded him of evidence he had seen after a group of large animals had ploughed their way from a pond on the island to the sea sometime in the 1960s. The creatures called *qaqrat*, which means beast walrus in the islands language allegedly ploughed the three furrows to the sea when the pond dried up. According to locals, the animals were never aggressive to humans and looked similar to a walrus.

The photographs were emailed to Mike Castellini, the director of the Coastal Marine Institute at the University of Alaska Fairbanks, who says it is impossible to identify the animal from the photo, even though several scientists have attempted to.

"It's been sent to stranding experts and scientists as far as the Smithsonian and everyone is going. 'No idea,'" Castellini said.

Castellini believes the corpse could be a mangled beluga whale. The identifying parts are obscured in the photo.



INSIDE STORY:

The tale of the fake zookeeper

Australia boasts some of the most extraordinary animals to grace the globe, and its proximity to Asia and the Pacific makes it an excellent springboard for pursuing some of cryptozoology's more unusual specimens. But often it is the specimens of the two-legged human variety that invariably end up capturing our attention, and sidelining us from what we're really interested in.

In 2007, CFZ Australia was approached by a zoo employee interested in our investigations of big cat sightings around Australia. What piqued our interest in return, was the fact he worked as a 'Carnivore Manager' and looked after the big cats at Western Plains Zoo in Dubbo, NSW specifically leopards.

Naturally enough, given our interest in sightings of mysterious black cats all over the continent (and the world), we initially entertained what he had to say.

Adrian Simpson told us an extraordinary tale.

Western Plains Zoo in Dubbo, NSW, had a small colony of leopards that was not on display to the public. Several of these leopards had slipped out and caused havoc at a nearby farm, killing several sheep. The farmer alerted the zoo (the inference being that this was not the first time such a thing had occurred), and staff raced to the scene with tranquilliser guns at the ready. The leopards were subdued and returned to the zoo, and the farmer promised to keep mum about the incident. In the wake of the incident, the young zookeeper (although at this stage we were yet to ascertain just how young) was intrigued by the prospect of zoo escapes and 'Googled' various search terms centred on 'big cats in Australia'.

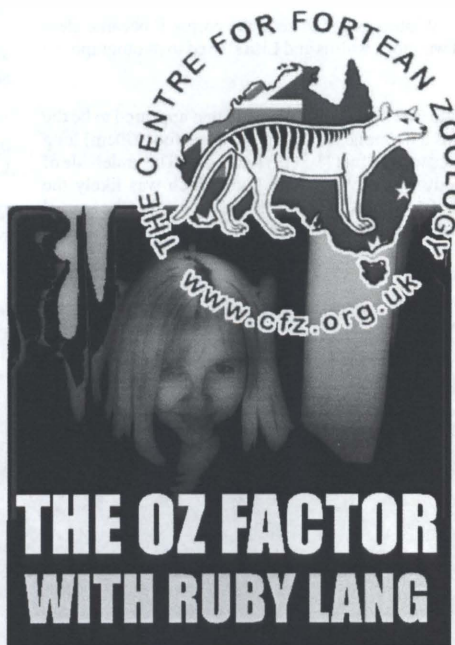
Up came our big cat website: www.australianbigcats.com - and with it our contact details. He e-mailed us (*"what I am about to tell you is confidential and secretive in nature and I am trusting you to keep it secret"*) and, after a few exchanges, sent the photos of the dead sheep, extracting a promise to keep the incident to ourselves so that no adverse publicity would come the zoo's, or his, way.

The tightly cropped photographs of several dead sheep, at first glance, appeared interesting when considered alongside his story.

From that point the e-mails came thick and fast.

Adrian had decided to gather together 30 of his fellow zookeepers to launch a 'big cat safari' of sorts to comb the land around Dubbo for further signs of large cat activity. The Gulgong local had also decided to create a foundation *"would Mike like to be the director, perhaps?"* dedicated to collecting reports. Mike declined the invitation after all, we have been collecting our own reports for years - but decided to take Adrian up on another offer: a visit behind-the-scenes one weekend to play with some tiger cubs.

We set aside a weekend and called Adrian, who said he'd arrange everything; we just had to turn up. We also planned to talk further about the sheep kill incident and possibly visit the area where the photographs were taken. Excited, we charged up our video and SLR camera batteries, and piled into the car for the five-hour



trip west of Sydney.

It was a long hot drive, as the air conditioning in the CFZ sedan had long ago died and it was a dry, windy day to boot. But we didn't mind it's not often you get to play with the progeny of the biggest of the big cats!

As we neared the zoo we called Adrian. He instructed us to pay at the front gate ("Sorry guys, they don't let us do freebies anymore") and meet him in an internal car park. We couldn't find where he meant, so he eventually came to where we were parked studying the map just outside of the giraffe enclosure.

The unremarkable dark and somewhat battered sedan pulled up alongside our car and a young man and woman got out the 'man' surely no more than 18! Both Adrian and his partner, Amy Turner, were kitted out in Western Plains Zoo shirts, hats, and in Adrian's case shorts all badged with the zoo's logo.

Later, we would try and rationalise their relative youth versus their employment seniority (his partner claimed to be the 'marsupial manager') by way of the geographic isolation of the zoo perhaps they had a hard time getting employees out here, and hired and trained up young local apprentices? We climbed into Adrian's car, which appeared to be in keeping with that of a zoo employee zoo logos adorned the doors and stickers graced the backs of the seats, a CB radio crackled in between the driver and front passenger seats, elastic straps were tied to the back of one seat, and a clipboard of official-looking paperwork was wedged in the side pocket of one of the doors. Of course it was filthy inside, as one might expect - the product of many muddy boots and hairy animals sharing the small space.

Before we drove on, Amy and Adrian had us fill out zoo indemnity forms in triplicate to cover them "in the unlikely event something bad happens" in the tiger enclosure. We nervously concurred, but still took the time to study the legal documents, which were badged with the zoo logo and appeared to be legitimate.

He also handed over two official laminated zoo passes with our names printed on them, which we duly stuck onto our shirts.

Adrian drove the car around the zoo's circuit, commenting on various enclosures and attempting to contact other keepers via the CB radio he explained away the lack of response: "We have a faulty tower; this happens all the time."

One of us responded: "That's a bit of a worry, what if something happens?" (It was a fair question - in May



The official zoo passes with which we were issued

2004 a lioness walked out of an enclosure and came perilously close to visitors before it was herded back inside.) "We've always got our mobile phones on," he reassured us.

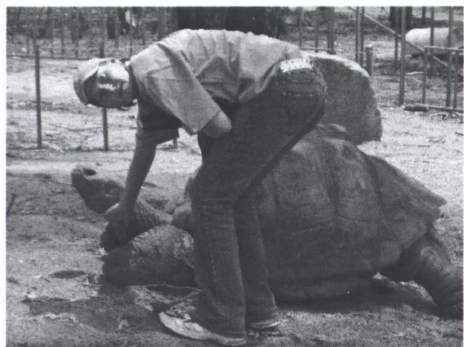
Their general patter was all zoo-related: "We'll have to get maintenance onto that hole near the fence Amy, you better write that down";

"Have they done earlies (feeds) yet?"

"No, 11.30am".

He stopped the car outside an empty-looking enclosure. As we approached, under the shade of a tree, a boulder-like Galapagos Tortoise was resting, its ancient head swivelling our way as we approached. Amy leapt over the small fence and gave the *Geochelone nigra* a scratch under the chin. We snapped a photo, but didn't enter the enclosure ourselves - we'd come to see the big cats and were anxious to get to the big cat enclosure.

Next stop the koala enclosure, then the monkey island, the duck pond...and the café. We had discovered a small bird that had fallen out of its nest during our brief tour around the koala enclosure, so Adrian and Amy decided to drop it back to the clinic. In the meantime, they said we could wait for them at the café, where we four would have an early lunch before meeting the tiger cubs.



Amy Turner with the Galapagos Tortoise

Mildly frustrated, we parked ourselves in some aluminium chairs with a meat pie each and waited (we had been offered a staff discount after our passes were spotted, but 'fessed up: "We're just visitors"). We didn't have to wait too long the phone rung 10 minutes later: *"Look, there's been an incident in one of the big cat enclosures and I'm going to be tied up until 3pm. I'll come and find you then."*

Grinding our teeth, we finished lunch and did the full circuit of the zoo again, never once laying eyes on our guides. We did see some lions, which we photographed little did we realise at that stage this was the closest we would come to any big cats this trip.

We took photos, ate ice creams and eventually parked the car under a shady tree and read books as we passed the time.

At 3pm we drove back down to the café and dialled Adrian's number, only to get his voicemail. We left a message and waited. And waited. And waited. We found it hard to believe that anyone who relied on a mobile phone for emergencies would fail to return a phone call especially when he knew we had driven five hours to get here and would be waiting.

At 5pm we gave up, jumped in the car and drove back home.

More than a week later we spoke to Adrian, who told us he'd suddenly had to fly out to the US to deal with a big cat problem in San Francisco.

Something didn't quite ring true about his story surely the US had more than a handful of big cat experts, why would they need some kid from the bush to fly over and

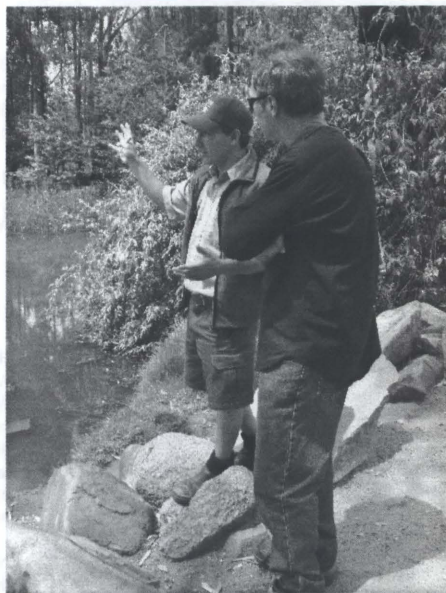
help?

After some thought we called the zoo direct, deciding to omit mention of the dead sheep photographs in the event that part of his story was true we had promised, after all. We asked for Adrian. The receptionist paused: *"How do you know Adrian?"* she asked. We recounted the story of our visit. Another pause: *"I'll just put you through to our manager."*

Adrian, the manager told us, didn't work at the zoo. In fact he never had, neither had his friend Amy. It transpired the police were actually investigating him for fraud specifically impersonating a zoo employee.

It seems Adrian had been busy as "carnivore manager", ordering equipment and uniforms, customising his car, and printing up business cards and other paperwork to support his false identity and charging it all back to the zoo - not to mention entering the zoo and taking people on 'tours'!

The police spoke to us and indicated they wanted to take our statements, but it turned out this wasn't necessary in the end.



Adrian Simpson plays zookeeper, showing Mike Williams around the zoo.



A kill photo sent to the authors by Adrian Simpson.

About nine months later the case finally went to court. Simpson was cleared of fraud under the Mental Health Act in Mudgee Local Court in NSW. The charges were dismissed on the condition he didn't re-offend within the following six months. His lawyer failed to get the court proceedings suppressed.

The media had a field day with the case: "Who's who at Dubbo zoo?", "Dubbo's Western Plains Zoo's identity stolen", "Mudgee business says it knows him", "Big cat handler saved from the cage", "Impersonator dealt with", "Court dismisses zoo fraud charges".

Simpson, who has been diagnosed with Aspergers Syndrome and Narcissistic Personality Disorder, apparently had a reputation in his hometown of Gulgong as being "better" than US con artist Frank Abagnale Jr, the arch-impersonator who inspired the movie 'Catch Me If You Can' starring Leonardo Di Caprio.

He certainly was convincing - many casual zoo staff fell for his act in our presence.

Court documents revealed the 19-year-old (he would have been 18 when we first encountered him) had also been busy applying for jobs with the Koala Hospital in Port Macquarie and Zoos Victoria, using a fake qualification from a North Queensland TAFE college.

Just like in real life, his online persona was also crumbling - he was kicked off Zoobeat, a respected forum for zoo enthusiasts and employees, after trying to

pass himself off as a zoo employee.

And a Wikipedia entry profiling Simpson, listing him as one of the world's leading animal experts on African wildlife and feline behaviour, was taken down by moderators after his first court appearance but not before it announced his untimely (and false) death: *"After a number of articles printed in the local newspaper, Adrian Simpson injected himself with an animal euthanasia drug at his private home in Mudgee. He died only hours after the newspaper went on sale. He was 19."*

In the wake of the court case, Simpson is now receiving treatment for his disorders.

We felt our experience was worth recounting given the number of people of questionable mental health

who seem to be attracted to fringe areas of interest, whatever the field.

And also in the event that Simpson resurrects his zoo employee persona.

Perhaps if we had been a little more vigilant, we would have looked into whether the Zoo actually housed leopards - they don't - and not prolonged the charade.

The onus is on each of us to be vigilant about frauds, hoaxers and pretenders, not least for our own sakes, but also to safeguard what precious little credibility areas such as cryptozoology have.

I am incredibly pleased to be able to welcome Ruby and Mike to a regular spot here in *Animals & Men*. Ever since I started the Centre for Fortean Zoology back in 1992, I had the vision that it would eventually be a truly international organisation of men and women from across the world who believed in the same things and had the same broad ideology.

Ruby and Mike have been running the Australian branch of the CFZ for about eighteen months now, and I am feeling incredibly stupid that I didn't invite them to submit a regular column to the CFZ journal earlier!

Welcome aboard my dear friends..

CFZ Australia
<http://cfzaustralia.blogspot.com/>

BIGFOOT NOTEBOOK

Paul Vella

Paul.vella@bigfootresearch.com



Before I start with this issue's roundup, I must apologise for my absence in the last few issues of *Animals & Men*. As many of you are aware, I work as a Forensic Examiner dealing with computer related evidence, and it seems the criminal fraternity has conspired to keep me extremely busy this year. So, as I start typing this issue's BHM Roundup, I find myself sitting in a small consultation room at Bournemouth Crown Court waiting for a trial to begin. I spend a lot of time sitting around at court getting bored. CSI it isn't!

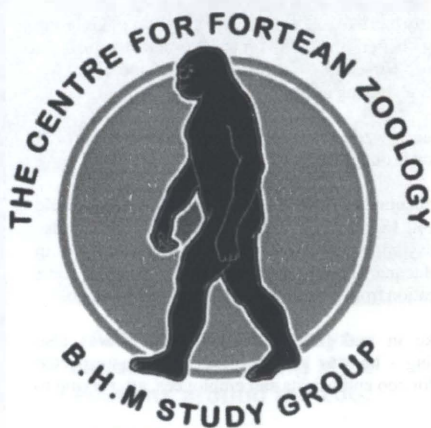
Podcasts

A new Podcast was started by a friend of mine called 'The Bigfoot Show', which you can find at www.thebigfootshow.com or at iTunes. It takes a slightly different format to other shows, and is a regular attempt to create a virtual campfire chat with no real agenda, and yes, the conversation regularly departs the subject of bigfoot altogether. A few shows in, I was asked to join the regulars Brian Brown and Scott Herriott on the show.

Scott Herriott, incidentally, had what he believes to be a bigfoot sighting in 2001 in Washington, which he captured on video. Unfortunately, the video isn't particularly clear, since the subject appears to be behind dense foliage. I have trouble deciding whether there is something there or not, but I would recommend, without hesitation, Scott's two DVDs on the subject of bigfoot called 'Squatching' and 'Beyond Squatchdom' both of which are available from Scott via Amazon. As a former stand-up comedian, Scott's presentation in these two videos is excellent this is no amateur production.

Patterson-Gimlin Film

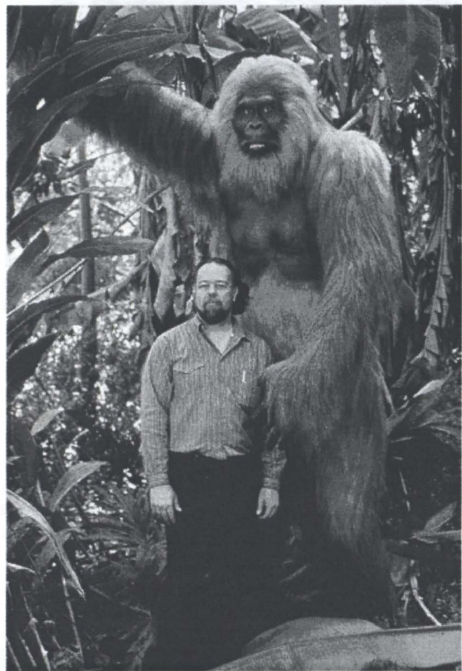
The Patterson-Gimlin Film of a bigfoot walking across a sandbar in Bluff Creek, Northern California was forty years old last October. It is incredible to think that in forty years, no-one has come close to capturing film or video close to the quality of this film. Whether or not you believe this film is real, it was an important milestone, and is clearly an indication to researchers that the current methods aren't working.



I had promised Jon Downes a small book detailing the evidence for and against the authenticity of the film in time for the anniversary, but as is often the case, work commitments got in the way. In the meantime, Hollywood make-up expert Bill Munns recently weighed in on the subject. Bill Munns is the man who created a life-size model of Gigantopithecus, and has put his considerable knowledge of suit design to the problem of the Patterson-Gimlin film. It would be remiss of me not to take full advantage of Munns' knowledge on the subject, which means the book will take considerably longer than I anticipated, but do not fret, I am working on a separate volume detailing witness sightings.



Jacobs Photo



Bill Munns and his 'Gigantopithecus'

Jacob's Photos

In November last year, some photographs from a game cam came to light, taken by Rick Jacob in Pennsylvania, USA. The photos were considered, by some, to be those of a 'juvenile sasquatch', whereas others were more cautious. A member of BigfootForums.com, 'Ty' identified the creature in the photograph as most likely to be a bear with a bad case of mange. I have to say, he makes a compelling case.



Bear Cub with Mange

It seems to me that the hysteria, short though it was that surrounded these photos, was indicative of a field of research that doesn't seem to be going anywhere fast, and where the slightest hint of a photograph gets some of us excited, only to be inevitably let down shortly afterward.

More Game Cam

The past few months seem to have been a good time for game cams the host of www.hunttv.com released a short video taken from his game cam recently on the home page of his website. Having viewed the video, it would appear to be a man wearing a ghillie suit or something similar. The arms of the subject are shorter than we would expect for a bigfoot, and are more like a human's arms. Likewise, the head and shoulders look human compared with the descriptions from scores of witnesses over the years. Nonetheless, it is an interesting video, and one that is worth a quick visit.

Perhaps this video was the inspiration for game-cam

manufacturers Bushnell to offer a \$1,000,000 prize to anyone who takes a 'verifiable' photograph of a Sasquatch using a Bushnell game-cam. The kicker is the word 'verifiable' - unless the sasquatch drops down dead in front of the game cam, I don't see that any game cam photo can be verifiable.

The Georgia Hoax

It cannot have escaped your attention that in August this year, two men, Matt Whitton and Ric Dyer from Georgia perpetrated a ridiculous hoax on the general public by purporting to have the body of a bigfoot in a freezer.

The story was so ridiculous that I was amazed that



anyone took it seriously. The events started with a series of YouTube videos featuring the pair of halfwits, one even included a relative pretending to be a 'doctor' giving an anthropological opinion of the ape he had examined.

The pair gave a couple of interviews in which they contradicted themselves numerous times. A photo was then obtained (see below), which was quickly identified as being a \$500 sasquatch suit from thehorrordome.com with a set of false teeth.

Having originally claimed to have sold this 'body' to an unnamed person for \$10,000,000, they proceeded to enter a verbal contract with 'researcher' Tom Biscardi, and in mid-August, a press conference was held in California where no body was produced, but the press arrived in droves.

The body was collected at around this time by associates of Tom Biscardi, who at one point claimed they were worried about Ninjas abseiling from black helicopters to recover the body (I kid you not). Tom Biscardi, it should be noticed, was involved in a hoax a few years back where he sold Internet tickets to view a captured bigfoot - no-one got to see it of course, and he later claimed that he had been hoaxed.

Anyway, the long and the short of it is that when the body was defrosted, it turned out to be a suit, and Tom Biscardi claimed he had been duped (are you seeing a pattern here?). In short, no-one was really surprised, except maybe for Tom Biscardi's financier who had just handed over \$50,000 in cash. Whitton and Dyer returned to Georgia where Whitton promptly lost his job as a police officer, and the rest of us quietly got on with things. Whitton and Dyer later claimed that Biscardi were in on the hoax from the very beginning, an accusation that was

repeated to me by someone who had been in the Biscardi camp at the time.

In the meantime, there were plenty of lies being told, but what I found most frustrating was that the media kept saying that bigfoot 'believers' had been duped nothing could be further from the truth, in fact I don't know a single genuine researcher who took this seriously. Of course we all wanted to watch this great train wreck because it was at least entertaining, but none of us took it seriously.

I might be able to call it as a hoax correctly, but I can't tell you how much damage has been done to the credibility of this field of research, but my feeling is that this is going to have the same sort of repercussions that the death of Ray Wallace had in 2002. Wallace you may remember is the man who claimed to have made footprints using wooden feet and confessed on his deathbed. From that point on, many people, and much of the media, continued to confuse Wallace with Roger Patterson, and would often remark 'Bigfoot? Didn't someone confess to making that movie on their deathbed a while back?' I suspect that we will hear similar remarks in the future about bigfoot being proven to be a hoax in Georgia. I hope I am wrong.

The Minnesota Iceman

Hot on the heels of the Georgia hoax, I was contacted by a man who claimed to have seen the model used by Frank Hansen for the exhibit. The story of the model and the Minnesota Iceman is long and complicated, and I am currently in the process of putting together a lengthy piece on this subject, so stay tuned.

Tim Cullen aka Fishbone35

In August of this year, the bigfoot community lost its most patient and gentle soul, and a personal friend of mind, Tim Cullen, after he suffered a heart attack at just 43 years of age.

Tim lived in Panama City in Florida with his wife Gina and teenage daughter Jordan, and was always the most level-headed person I knew in the community. Someone who always found time to help, and would regularly spend hours on the phone listening to people's woes. Tim's untimely death was a cruel blow and he will be sadly missed.

Dr. John Bindernagel

It has been reported that Dr. John Bindernagel, a Canadian researcher and retired wildlife biologist had his own sighting earlier this year in Texas. Details are sketchy, but it is believed that there is also video from the same location showing what appears to be an adult sasquatch. Bindernagel has long been a proponent of sasquatch, and I would recommend reading his 1998 book *North America's Great Ape: The Sasquatch*

Laughsquatch

Cartoonist J. Robert Swain recently arrived in the world of bigfoot, and has been poking fun at the community for some time now his cartoons are simply wonderful, and I hope to bring more of them to you over the coming months. Swain first got involved having visited the Texas Bigfoot Research Conservancy Conference in November 2007. I'm sad to say that I visited the same conference, but completely failed to meet him. I was however able to view his work at www.laughsquatch.com



Giants, Cannibals & Monsters

Speaking of books, a good friend of mine, Kathy Moskowitz Strain, has finally had her book published. *'Giants, Cannibals & Monsters: Bigfoot in Native Culture'* brings together hundreds of Native American stories about bigfoot into one volume for the first time, and is accompanied by a collection of beautiful photographs.

Kathy worked tirelessly on this book for several years, I am pleased to say it was worth waiting for, and is available from hancockhouse.com and from Amazon.

That is it for this issue. It has been a long and tortuous year perhaps next year will be the year someone pulls a real body out of the woods and we can put this mystery to bed once and for all. I hope so.

THE LONDON BEAR SCARE

I have read numerous accounts of what actually happened. Various paranormal-related magazines and books, which have been known for their regurgitation, often stated that it took place in the 1970s. The case, despite repeated inaccuracy, even made it on to the BBC in 1997 when Jasper Carrot and Robert Powell investigated it in the drab comedy series, *The Detectives*. Graeme Harper directed the episode, *The Beast Of Hackney Marshes*, which was written by Mike Whitehill and Steven Knight. Characters Louis and Briggs look into reports of a mystery creature, resembling a bear, roaming the marsh but seem more interested in rehearsing some dumb song for a Gala Variety Night.

If anyone turned on to such an awful mess of a show, they would surely have missed the fact that the so-called Hackney Marshes 'beast' was actually around at some point in the past, and not

merely a figment of the BBC's imagination as a sideline plot. It was just a shame that its only claim to fame was a mention in such a programme, with its once cloudy existence reliant on a few tacky gags.



It was the 27th December 1981 and a quilt of snow

NEIL ARNOLD

had covered the marsh. The marsh being the sprawling grassland of Greater London which took on its purest form in Medieval times, but eventually was reduced to a dumping ground for rubble when the strikes on London occurred during World War II and many buildings were left as smouldering ruins. The marsh was formed by constant overflowing of the River Lee, although such floods were prevented when, during the late 19th Century, a flood relief system was introduced.

Hackney Marshes is said to stretch for some 337 acres. It holds an unimportant world record, in that it once harboured more than 88 football pitches at one time. However, what is more peculiar, is the fact that the area, or at least, from 27th December onwards, once harboured a bear-like creature also. On this day, thirteen-year old Tommy Murray was playing with three friends, aged between nine and thirteen. The snow was fresh, a pristine blanket that had hardly been touched by human feet.

However, other feet had most certainly made an impression in the silky whiteness. The tracks the boys found did not seem to belong to local fox, dog or cat. Although they could not identify such prints, the gang knew that what they had found were slightly unusual. Tommy took it upon himself to follow the impressions, and encountered the most terrifying sight. A creature raised itself on to its hind legs and growled menacingly at the boy. As in most horror films, Tommy ran for his life, slipping several times as his footwear failed to cope with the layer of snow. Tommy's friends heard the commotion and scattered across the marsh, all of them thinking about their own safety as they left behind what they could only describe as, "...a giant great growling hairy thing."

Tommy crashed through his front door and through gasps of frozen breath told his parents of the 'thing' on the marsh. Within the hour, more than fifty policemen scoured the fields, a police helicopter buzzed through the pallid sky, with high-powered binoculars zooming in on the white-tipped foliage, but there was no sign of the monster rumoured to lurk.

Tracks were eventually found. They looked bear-like, and immediately the local press were hot on

the trail of the story and the beast. The chief inspector at the time commented: *"Although I didn't see the boys myself, I'm reliably informed that they were very frightened by what they saw. They were not hoaxers, although, of course, they may have been hoaxed."*

Three sets of prints were found in the two-inch thick blanket of snow. Strangely, one set appeared on a small island behind a large fence with a locked gate. The other two trails were found near marshalling yards. The possibility of a hoax was ruled out, with the inspector stating: *"No other prints were near them or led to or from them."*

Despite the boys being adamant that a wild animal was prowling the marsh, rumours circulated that someone may have dressed up in a costume and frightened the kids, although it seemed very unlikely that anyone would have spent the coldest of hours hidden in the snow, hoping that someone would come along and fall for their hairy hoax.

At the time, what no one had been aware of was the rather sinister occurrence of the previous December. Information, which at the time had not been made public, mentioned the discovery of two headless bear corpses found in the River Lea at Hackney. The animals had also been mutilated and completely skinned. Who were the mystery mutilators? How had three alleged bears ended up in London?

The mystery creature which frightened the children was never traced. Surely, not even the old orchards, dark hedgerows and wet meadows could hide such a creature? Or was the animal merely a ghost?

Oddly, London has several cases pertaining to phantom bears. The famous case comes from the Tower of London, where, during 1815, a guard patrolling the Jewel Room was confronted by a large spectral bear that came from the wall. The story has become the stuff of local legend for it is said that guard, and his bayonet, simply drifted through the approaching creature. Shortly after reporting the encounter, the guard died from shock.



dug by Elisabeth I to hold bear fights in and I was wondering if you knew if that was true or not?"

The webmaster was unsure, but various commentators suggested the mystery pits were simply formed from mining, with chalk and rubble excavated to act as ballast for ships. However, during the Elizabethan period, the known bear baiting arena was situated in Southwark, at Paris Garden and was known as Bear Garden. More than 1,000 people, including Queen Elizabeth, flocked to the area to indulge upon such bloodthirsty sports, which also involved bulls.

Usually, the bear used would be chained by a leg, or the neck, and harassed by several dogs. Bears were also whipped and blinded. Bull baiting continued longer than bear baiting, as bears were harder to come by and more expensive to obtain. When such bears were imported in mass, they were kept in fields until required. Could it be possible that during the early 1980s, bears were being

illegally obtained for underground bear baiting, hence the strange discovery of slain bears at Hackney Marsh?

Could ghosts of such tormented bears haunt parts of London to this day?

Oddly, when the caped menace known as Spring-Heeled Jack terrorised parts of London during the

Of course, such a spirit may well have been connected to the old menagerie that used to exist in the tower, and have no relation whatsoever to the Hackney Marshes critter. However, more phantom bears are also said to haunt parts of Chelsea. The apparitions come in three colours, black, brown and white. It is said that bear baiting was rife in the area during the 1600s, which could explain as to why such forms have been seen prowling Glebe Place and Cheyne Walk.

An American lady presently residing in London heard rumours of bear baiting locally, and approached The Greenwich Phantom website, asking, *"I love walking down to Greenwich on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. My question is this, I have been told that the green dug out areas before you get to Blackheath Green in front of the Blackheath entrance to Greenwich Park were originally*



1830s, various discussions at the time as an attempt in solving the character, also mentioned that around 1815 in the St John's Wood area, there had been reports of a strange figure resembling a bear. Although this obscure report, from *The Times*, may well have been a hoax or hysteria, it's interesting to note the mention of the 'bear' that most certainly couldn't have been confused with the humanoid form of the mysterious Jack, who, whilst clad in black, having claws and fiery eyes, bore no resemblance to a hairy, hulking, bear.

A black creature, three-feet in height, resembling a bear, was seen in the Croham area of east Croydon in 1961. Golfers at the local course spotted the creature and one approached for a better look and claimed it was of ursine appearance, but the report has since been chronicled alongside many 'big cat' sightings from the Surrey area.

Reports of bears on the loose in Britain are few and far between. In close vicinity only Kent features with regards to a close, detailed encounter, and this emerged in the August of 1983 from the Hawkhurst area when two brothers, Mark (11) and Peter (9) were playing in their garden one evening and saw an unusual creature fall from a nearby tree.

Thinking it was a bear the boys fled and the police were called to the area but could find no trace of the animal except a few large scratch marks on the tree. The boys claimed the animal was bigger than their dog at the time, which weighed sixty-pounds, was covered in shaggy, brown fur, and also had long black claws.

Just like so many mystery animal stories, such cases are never solved. It seems highly unlikely that a small population of brown bears roams any woodland in the United Kingdom, and the ghost stories are about as reliable as...well, ghosts. And so, whatever roamed Hackney Marshes, Hawkhurst, Croydon and St John's Wood is now very much part of legend. And that's where they'll forever remain, until the next bear scare makes the headlines.

THE WANSTED EWOK

In mid-November this year, as we were starting to typeset Neil's article, reports started to come in about *another* bear-like creature being spotted close to London. The bear has been seen in Epping Forest near Wansted and while being only 4-foot tall sounds more like an ewok than the fearsome bear seen in 1981 in the Hackney Marshes - it is certainly causing a stir.

18-year-old trainee fitness instructor Michael Kent was on a fishing trip in the woods when he saw the creature:

"I was there with my dad and brother. I was walking over to where my brother was when I heard this rustling sound.

"I looked over and saw this strange, dark figure that resembled a bear. It was hunched over and I could see it had a really hairy back. I think it must have heard me and scampered off into the bushes after a couple of seconds.

"It was getting dark but I still managed to get a good look at it. It was about 4ft tall, so it was too small to be human, but not the right shape to be a deer, it didn't have long legs or anything like that."

Park rangers have tried to pour cold water on the sighting by insisting there is nothing larger than a fox in the area, but Kent's sighting was followed up about a week later by that of Pensioner Irene Dainty:

"It was about 4ft tall and with really big feet and looked straight at me with animal eyes. Then it leaped straight over the wall with no trouble at all and went off into the garden of the Three Jolly Wheelers pub."

We'll be awaiting future sightings with interest and be back with a more in-depth report when we have more information. OLL

'NGUOI RUNG' THE FOREST MAN OF VIETNAM

Richard Freeman

The Vietnam War must have been one of the most unpleasant since WWI. The appalling conditions and the cruelty of the Viet Cong are legendary. It was not the sort of place to make up silly stories. This makes the sightings of what the GIs dubbed 'rock apes' all the more compelling.

The term rock ape came from the creature's habit of hurling rocks at the soldiers when annoyed. One story involved a Special Forces unit that had been sent into Viet Cong territory. As they made their way through the jungle, an ape-like beast, larger than a man, leapt out of the undergrowth. It tried to grab the native guide's pack. The man struggled with the creature, which promptly beat him to death with its fists. The unit dare not open fire on the creature for fear of giving their position away.

In 1968, Mike Company of the 3rd Battalion of the 5th Marines, were in the jungle in the area of Monkey Mountain, just outside of Da Nang. Marines reported that when they were in the mountains, apes would get above them and throw rocks at them.

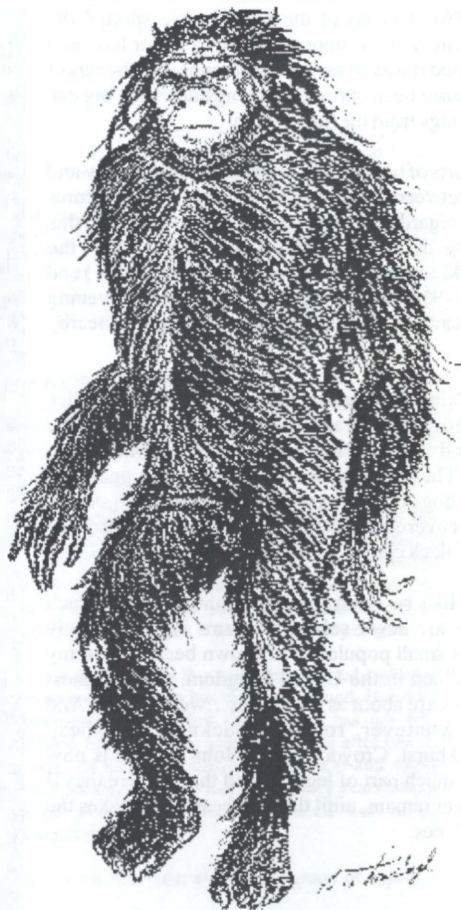
In 1969, Delta Company, First of the 502nd infantry, 101st Airborne Division, was on Nui Mo Tau Ridge, about ten miles south of Hue City. They were eating lunch when about eight apes came walking up a trail and surprised them. They came around a bend in the trail about 10 metres from the unsuspecting GIs.

The GIs opened fire, but failed to hit any of the creatures. The alpha largest rock ape was very dark in colour; almost black while the rest were light brown. He was in the trees and repeatedly rushed the GIs and then retreated. He did this several times, apparently covering the retreat of the troop.

Lt. Alan Szpila of Cumberland, Rhode Island spotted footprints while piloting a 101st Airborne Division helicopter. 'I have been looking at footprints from the air for quite a while now and I noticed the exceptional size (of these) immediately. I landed to get a closer

look and sure enough these tracks were about 18 inches long and eight inches wide.' Someone suggested that they were made by Ho Chi Minh sandals, which are made of car tires. 'They were embedded deeply, indicating a heavy wearer. The stride of whatever made them was about four feet,' he said. Warrant Officer Darryl Santella of Long Beach, California, saw the footprints at the same time as Szpila and estimated that, if made by a man, he must have been about eight feet tall.

In 1970, GI Steve Canyon had an encounter with the apes. He was out one night to test a new flash and noise suppresser for his unit's AK-47 automatic rifles. The claim was that the noise and muzzle flash



were suppressed completely, and the people you were ambushing could not determine the axis of the attack.

The Marines took their position, and Steve Canyon and a colleague set up a simulated ambush position. Then they noticed they were not alone. Gazing at them was a rock ape, grave and not at all afraid. The ape began to cry a strange guttural sound like the bark of a dog.

Steve's friend threw a rock at the creature, which picked up another and threw it back harder. Then suddenly twenty or so of the creatures emerged all

Hill 868 is one of the names of the rock ape habitat in Quang Nam Province, in what was the I Corps' region of responsibility. Since the elevation was 2,847 feet above sea level, or 868 metres, that is what it was called. The Vietnamese name for it was Dong Den Mountain. The Third Marines created the Divisional Outpost/Landing Zone and Radio Relay site by blowing the top off Dong Den Mountain.

The Marines on the Hill radioed the Captain and told him they had movement in the foliage, a possible large formation of Viet Cong. As it turned out it was not Viet Cong but a tribe of rock apes that attacked the Marines by hurling rocks, readily apparent to the listening Captain.

Before the Captain could respond, he heard the hill explode with a full-fledged firefight, one-sided, the sounds all of American weapons.

The Captain couldn't get any response from the Hill on the radio, and dispatched a squad to reconnoiter the situation. When they got to Hill 868 they found Marines and rock apes strewn all over. Most of the apes were dead and a large number of Marines unconscious. Four men needed serious medical attention.

One might ask, quite reasonably, that if this was a true story why were none of the rock ape bodies preserved? Well these were soldiers not scientists, frightened soldiers at that. They probably had no idea of the zoological importance of the creatures. Most of these young men would have had no more knowledge of zoology than that could be gleaned from an old Tarzan film.

One of the stories about the origin of the Minnesota Ice Man offered up by showman Frank Hanson is that it was a wildman shot by a GI in the jungles of Vietnam and smuggled back to the US in a body bag. I find it hard to conceive of non-zoologists, during wartime, sending what they would of thought of as a 'big monkey', all the way back to the States in an army issue body bag, Hanson has offered several different origins for the Ice Man. Its real origins almost certainly lie in latex and false hair.

hurling rocks and making barking noises. Steve and his friend ran back to camp.

In 1966 the most infamous encounter allegedly took place in Quang Nam Province.

Sightings of these creatures did not stay with the GIs. The natives had long known of them as 'Nguoi Rung', the forest man, and the sightings continued after the American withdrawal.





Back in 1950 Ngo Hoang, then an armed agent of the Ministry of Propaganda in the hostile hinterland of Dac Lac, discovered huge footprints in the vicinity of the Chu Bia mountain chain. They were one and a half times longer than a human's, with a widely separated big toe. Folds on the sole were clearly visible. He writes ...

"After that, some of my comrades of a Pioneer unit saw a big 'man' entirely covered with grey hair. They thought it was an orang-utan and wanted to kill him. Fortunately, at that time we had strict orders not to shoot. That is why this man could escape. My comrades told me that he ran very fast, as fast as only a forest creature can run, but no man can run."

So common were reports that in 1974, during the height of war, General Hoang Minh Thao commander of Northern forces in the Central Highlands, requested a scientific survey of the region north of Kontum for 'Nguoi Rung'. Scientists who were part of this dangerous expedition included Professors Vo Quy and Le Vu Khoi from Hanoi University and Professor Hoang Xuan Chinh from the Institute of Archaeology in Hanoi.

Prof. Vo Quy Director of the Environment and Resource Centre. Assistant Prof. Tran Hong Viet, Teachers' College investigated reports from western Vietnam. One story told of how guerrillas seized an ape-like creature and took it back to Dak Min (Gia Lai province). The forest man didn't eat anything through the whole journey, nor any a week later and it was planned to return him to the forest, but unfortunately he died before he could be released.

No one knows what became of the body.

In 1975, Prof. Vo Quy had returned to Western region many times. He was shown a picture of a foot-print, 30cm in length and 20cm and showing lots of folds on the foot. This was round at the bottom of Moong Ray Mountain, north-west of Kon Tum, where rumours about forest man abound.

In the 1970s and early 80s Mr Tran Hong Viet, now at the Pedagogic University of Hanoi studied the fauna of Tay Nguyen in the Central Highlands of Vietnam. In 1982 some Thai people told him they knew such creatures and they led him straight-away to a set of footprints which were clearly preserved on a narrow path leading over a mountain, at the base of which

was a valley which nobody had ever visited. Mr Viet took a plaster cast of this footprint after having photographed it. This cast is still in the collection of the Pedagogic University of Hanoi No 1. Only one fuzzy picture of this has been published on the Internet. It may well be the overlapping prints of a sun bear.

Professor Dao Van Tien of the Department of Zoology, Faculty of Biology, University of Hanoi was on a zoological research trip to the north-western region in 1963 and was given the following information. In an area named Son La there existed a type of wildman called *Pi 'Cang Co'* in the Black Tai dialect, who always went out foraging at night and sneaked into houses to steal food. The informant had himself seen him on a moonlit night through a crack in the window. This wildman was about 1.50m [about 5ft.] tall, hairy all over, walked on his legs and had a human-like face. Disturbed by a noise he quickly jumped to the ground, ran off and disappeared into the bush. On another research trip in the Sa Thay in 1979, I was also told that local people herediscovered there was another type of wildman: taller than an ordinary person, ferocious looking, hairy, and walking upright on his legs. He uses his hands and fingers to pierce the trunk of banana trees to get juice. The smaller creature may have been a female of a young individual.

When looking at forest man I cannot help but think of the descriptions of the almasty I had heard of in Russia. The two creatures are almost exactly the same. The Nguoi Rung is reported to have red, brown, grey or black fur. The almasty has grey or black. Both hurl rocks when annoyed though the forest man seems more aggressive and moves in larger groups. This may have been a side effect of disturbance from the war. As far as I know the almasty in the Caucasus has never been reported as killing anyone. As far as I am aware, no work has been conducted on this matter in recent years in Vietnam. In Russia however there is a small but dedicated group of scientists working hard to prove the almasty's existence. I know of no recent forest man sightings but that could just mean the reports have not reached the West as no one is recording them.

My best guess is that the Nguoi Rung is a surviving form of *Homo erectus* or some kind of hominid closely allied to it. One wonders how many encounters with these 'rock apes' in the Vietnamese War went unreported.

RARE TURTLE IS TURTLEY SAFE

One of the world's rarest turtles was saved from the cooking pot on the 26th of November in Vietnam. The turtle one of only 4 known living individuals of Swinhoe's soft-shelled turtle (*Rafetus swinhoei*), the most famous example of which being the gigantic turtle of Hoan Kiem Lake in Hanoi, Vietnam which is, if local folklore is to be believed, is over 500 years old, and which was - until recently - considered by many to be a cryptid.

The turtle, whose shell alone is over 1 metre long, was netted by fishermen in Son Tay Vietnam. Conservationists, who had been monitoring it in Dong Mo Lake before flooding enabled its escape into a local river two weeks ago, were quick to arrive on the scene and attempted to save the turtle. The animals captor, however, had other plans and had been offered 30 million Dong (US\$4,800) for the animal by a local restaurant owner. He then offered the turtle to the conservationists for \$1,400 and this led to a protracted negotiation process involving the fisherman brandishing a stout stick. Eventually a large crowd of over 100 onlookers and tourists arrived to watch the proceedings, many of whom were concerned about the welfare of the turtle, and the fisherman agreed to return the turtle to the conservationists for a \$200 finders reward and new nets.

One of the conservationists, Nguyen Thi Van Anh from Education for Nature, said: *"It's a small reward*

for people who realized that it's important to protect one of the most endangered species in the world."



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*2008 - A year in the life of the
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Jonathan Downes

First published in 1995, the Centre for Fortean Zoology Yearbook is a collection of papers and essays too long and detailed for publication in the CFZ Journal *Animals & Men*. With contributions from both well-known researchers, and relative newcomers to the field, the Yearbook provides a forum where new theories can be expounded, and work on little-known cryptids discussed.

It will be published on New Year's Day 2009, costing £12.50, but CFZ Members in the UK/EC can pre-order at the special low price of £10 +£2 p&p. CFZ members outside the EC email us for details of *your* special offer

weird weekend 2008

When the going gets weird...

Once a year in Woolsery something magical happens. A quiet village turns into a meeting place for monster hunters for the weekend when the CFZ hosts the weird weekend. The monster hunters are joined by experts from other fields in Fortean for a weekend of talks, where they present their latest findings. Unlike other conferences though the weird weekend is not all talk; it also includes lectures, events and cake eating competitions aimed at (mainly) at children to entertain the younger generation at the same time as their parents.

This year, as in previous years, the weekend started with a cocktail party held in the garden of CFZ headquarters in myrtle cottage. The children in attendance made much shorter work of the piñata than they had in previous years and according to some rumours several of them had been practicing in the intervening months in the hopes of being able to get first dibs on the sweets that rained out from its mutilated and beaten cardboard corpse. The adults spent their time making new friends, renewing old acquaintances and a small gang of speakers and CFZ members ended up chatting into the small hours of the morning.

Friday lunchtime saw the start of the annual open day and a chance for the CFZ team to run tours of the recently opened museum and aviary, while Dave Braund-Phillips and his road crew made their final preparations at the village hall before the talks kicked off on Friday night. The opening ceremony told the, allegedly, true story of the first weird weekend. This, it turned out, had not occurred in Exeter eight years ago but in Woolsery hundreds of years ago. This had involved dancing fairies (recreated perfectly by the Woolsery Tiny Tots) and a hilarious homage to the film *Spinal Tap* before the local wizard set an angry dragon on a goblin, who had had it away with his hooch. Its hard to do the

opening ceremony justice on paper, so it is a good thing that the whole conference was filmed and is available on cfz.tv.com, but suffice to say it puts the opening ceremony of the Beijing Olympics to shame. **O.L.L. LEWIS**

... The weird turn pro

It's a perfectly-formed village in North Devon where the few remaining sentient beings in England's Green and Pleasant land congregate once a year for three days of eccentricity involving Man Beasts, Man-Monkeys, Bugs Galore and a group of leading speakers from the worlds of Fortean Zoology, Paranormalia, Folklore and Ufology.

JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

It's certainly a Weird Weekend and, for those of us unlucky enough to be driving on the Motorways on a Friday in mid-August, the oddity starts when we approach the M6 and find traffic at a standstill. We leave from Manchester at 1000am expecting to arrive at CFZ World Headquarters at around 1500. Well, that's what the AA website travel planner thingy suggests so you can imagine our horror when we find ourselves in deepest, darkest Cheshire on the A50 at midday. Driven to despair, you might say.

Eventually arriving on the motorway and opting to pay £4.50 to use the Birmingham Toll we make slow progress south but conclude from the excellent pay-as-you-use road that this very special tarmac and impressive service facilities should be reserved for those with an IQ of over 130. (CFZ people and Entourage, in other words....)



REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINE



Passing Bristol at high speed (is there any better option?), we grind to a standstill as we approach Somerset. Sitting behind the wheel on the M5, the CFZ Manchester mobile phone rings and a gruff voice says, "*Matthews, where the hell are you? You were supposed to be here already.*" We tell our frustrated enquirer that there are too many caravans and foreign trucks on the road and that we'll be late. "*Oh, don't worry, we'll open a bottle or two for you and drink them before you arrive,*" jokes Jon.

THE FORT REICH...

To cut a long journey short we eventually arrive in Woolfardisworthy, EX39, at around 8pm. "*My dear boy, so nice to see you,*" says Mein Host. "*Do come in.*" As we discover over the following 48 hours, Jon Downes is an enigma. He seems to have thrived since his recent marriage and move to the countryside; his output in terms of CFZ Publications has grown to include a number of new books, bespoke specialist reports and a colourful glossy magazine called *Exotic Pets* that has a readership in the thousands! What's more, the quality of those publications, produced on a shoestring budget, designed and proof read in-house by the CFZ team, is outstanding. (I should know having been a long-time newsstand magazine editor.)

The 2008 CFZ Catalogue can sit proudly alongside anything produced by a fully professional, fully-funded publishing house and trumps everything produced by rivals within the Fortean, Cryptozoological and Paranormal worlds...

TUNE IN TO CHANNEL CFZ

The venue itself, Woolsey Community Centre, is something of an anomaly in that here we have,

in a small North Devon village, a first-class facility featuring bar (the focal point for serious discussion), lecture theatre with tiered seating, full AV suite, meeting rooms, kitchens and offices. The building appears to be part-powered by a large wind turbine located outside and ecological considerations are firmly on the agenda.

What's more, and quite unusually for a Fortean-Paranormal gathering, there are plenty of families here and a wider cross section than you might expect including a large number of interested teenagers. It turns out that the CFZ, now located at Myrtle Cottage, is an integral part of the local community. Local kids are involved in all manner of projects relating to the Weird Weekend and family involvement is actively

encouraged all year round. It's educational too and some of the kids are better informed on matters Crypto than the supposedly "expert" speakers as we discover the next day...

IT CAME FROM OUTTA SPACE

Back to the stump and my old CIA buddy and Convicted Circlemaker Matthew Williams has just finished the first talk of the Weekend on Paranormal encounters within crop formations. I'm interested to discover that Matthew has, since I last caught up with him, passed his pilot's license examination and flown to the weekend in his own plane! Never one to do things by halves, my co-spook-in-crime emerges from the lecture hall in what might best be described as an extremely loud shirt (think sunflowers), plonks himself down in the bar and then disappears off to get a sleeping bag from his low-observable UAV parked some few hundred metres away in a field.



REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINE



As we shoot the breeze and talk about the good old X-Files days when we swept Ufology before us on full government pay, Fortean Notables Matt Salusbury, Gail-Nina Anderson and Richard Freeman sit down with us. Looking around, I see a big crowd - pretty good for a Friday night in the middle of nowhere - already enjoying their time at this special event.

MATTHEWS TABLE TALK

Despite the fact we're totally knackered after a day of hell on the roads, Alison and I stay for a while before beating a tactical retreat to our Bed and Breakfast a couple of miles away. The CFZ has its finger in most local pies and the farmhouse we're staying at is owned by friends of Jon and Co who are enthusiastic about our stay and the weekend's festivities.

After a great night's sleep in the perfect quiet of England's south west, we discover that my old buddy Mike Hollowell and his missus Jackie are staying in the next room. Our travel challenge down the M6-M5 crawlspace is nothing compared with the coach journey they've endured: 14 hours on coaches from the North-East including a three-hour forced break at Victoria Coach Station in London! Joy...

Mike is now a fully-fledged, full-time Paranormal investigator and you can bet he's good value for money. With a breadth of knowledge and practical experience to match anyone in the field he's already making a mark with a number of impressive books to his name. One of these, *Invizikids*, is the subject for his talk on Sunday morning. Childhood

Encounters and Imaginary Friends have not always been covered in as much detail as we'd like even though we've all heard the stories and often experienced similar things ourselves. Mike's doing a great job here and his South Shields Poltergeist is a second book you should add to your collection if you're serious about your study.

We're joined at the breakfast table by Michael Woodley, a serious and highly-intelligent young man who, we learn, studied at Columbia University in New York before returning to London to complete a PhD in Biology. He already has a book published on Sea-Serpent Classification and Michael is a great asset to the CFZ. It's encouraging to know that The Organisation has another intellectual heavyweight at its disposal.

After a hearty breakfast and far too much talk we make our way to the Community Centre for Saturday's events. It looks like we're going to be very busy indeed and the CFZ stall is doing a great trade as the masses file into the lecture theatre for some pleasant introductory reports by Messrs Downes and Freeman. Next door, the many children on site engage in some "Monster Making" and Fortean Papiermache Madness. Quality!

THE 25 POINT PROGRAMME

I've never met Dr. Mike Dash, Expert Fortean, Academic Supremo and author of books on the Paranormal, Dutch Tulips and British Submarines but I enjoy his authoritative lecture on the elusive Dr. MacRae of Loch Ness Film fame. After a break for lunch Mike and I are politely asked (sorry, cajoled by Herr Downes) to join Michael Woodley in the lecture theatre



REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINE

The Quiz: L-R Michael Woodley, Dr Mike Dash, Tim Matthews, Jon Hare, Ross Braund-Phillips, Fleur Fulcher.



for the CFZ Annual Quiz. In front of a large audience, we three are embarrassed to discover that a series of rigged question allows Team CFZ Teenz to beat us on points in a short but painful bout of intellectual thugduggery. Actually, the highlight of the quiz is an introductory film featuring a grimacing and sinister Richard Freeman. These CFZ Boys obviously have too much free time but there's a late night Channel 4 slot begging for their creative input.

CHARMINGBUT D-D-ANGEROUS

The Evil Thug Matthews, Man of Many Possible Identities (oh, sorry, that's me), steps once more into the breach to deliver a lecture on new documents strongly suggesting that X-perimental US military aircraft were responsible for a number of post-war UFO sightings. What is more, a former CIA analyst has admitted that the UFO community was targetted and used to disseminate stories about flying saucers and aliens to cover up government projects. Something that I've always known but it's not an easy sell after 50 years of Alien Propaganda Via Spook. Happily, my Powerpoint presentation is warmly received. Mike Dash tells me he found it "convincing" and given I haven't talked about this subject for something like eight years I'm very grateful.

The bottom line is that only Jon Downes/CFZ has the guts and determination to allow me to speak. So thanks Jon. You know it means a lot to me.....

EXCELSIOR!

In complete contrast, I am followed by Ronan Coghlan whose books on ancient British history, Arthuriana and Faerie Folklore are legion. Today, Ronan is regaling those assembled with a lethal combination of witty speculation, hard-headed religious observation and hilarious outburst on the question of *"what would the church theocrats do if aliens landed tomorrow"* (or something along those lines). Our speaker is clearly a star of the show and gets a lorra laffs.

CASEBOOK

One of the highlights of the weekend is, for me, meeting Dr. Karl Shuker; a legend in Fortean circles. It doesn't matter how many hundreds of thousands of books you've sold; you can still fall victim to our third-world transport system. After eight hours on the Motorway - so it wasn't just us - Karl arrives on late Saturday afternoon much to the relief of the CFZ crew who have been muttering things like, *"when we come to power we'll make the roads run on time."* But it's all worth it. I've never met Karl before but he's friendly, charming, laid

REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINE

back and totally in command in the lecture hall as he regales us with stories of green children, raining frogs, winged cats and sky creatures. What's more, his new tome, Dr. Shuker's Casebook, a romp through the rarer cases within Fortean, is officially released at the Weekend and his popularity is obvious as 50 eager consumers form a queue to purchase signed copies of this latest CFZ Publications triumph.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

As Alison and I drift away for an evening meal in good company we leave the Weekend at the point where Woolser's One and Only Webmaster Graham Inglis is emerging. *Hawkwind's* Biggest Fan is an old friend of mine from Exeter Days when we featured in wet n wild t-shirt reportage shown on hourly Sky TV news broadcasts circa 2002 (aka Two Men In A Boat At Martin Mere). Joined by a band of Supporting Cast-offs he delivers a report on the more recent developments in the CFZ March Up Country. (I should point out that Graham has done a lot of lurking this weekend. I am told that this is perfectly normal.)

The CFZ does what it says it does; it gets off its collective backside, scrapes together funds and investigates reports of Mystery Animals and Monsters wherever they may be; from Mongolia to Greater Manchester.

The CFZ spends all the money it makes - and there's never enough - on research.

It goes where others fear to tread; puts its money where its mouth is. Unlike certain other organisations that are well-funded and exist with a silver spoon permanently stuck in mouth, Jon's merry band is prepared to face serious unpleasantness, injury, hardship and Near-Death-Experience to get the job done in the most hostile conditions. Let us never underestimate their sacrifices in the pursuit of scientific discovery and advancement...

Although CFZ personnel rarely, if ever, take themselves that seriously, they deserve our support and praise for doing an impressive job, year on year.

WYRD

Just when you thought that things couldn't get any better, one of the meeting room includes a BugFest where all manner of weird and wonderful life forms are on display for us to look at, play with and investigate. These include large hissing cockroaches, a variety of Praying Mantis (including one that keeps turning around and giving me the evils), huge snails, bizarre stick insects and things that wouldn't look out of place in an Alien movie.



SUNDAY STUFF

For various reasons we were only able to catch talks by Gail-Nina Anderson and Mike Hallowell on Sunday and Mike's was by far the best detailing his research into "imaginary friends" during childhood.

All in all, it only remains to declare that the Weird Weekend is, by far, the primary event on the Fortean calendar and that things can only get bigger and better from here. Jon Downes and co are the only people doing anything of note within the Fortean world and we all know what a huge area for research that is! It seems to me that the CFZ is the only game in town and I am proud to be associated with it and them.

In conclusion, all I can say you haven't yet made the pilgrimage to Wild Woolser then you haven't lived and you should make tracks, simple as. Forget Mecca and Lourdes; this is the REAL trip. The next 'un'll be here before ya know it....

Now....off to capture some Alien Big Cats on the moors.....TIM MATTHEWS

REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINE

cfz people



Never Underestimate the power of Human Stupidity **Lazarus Long**

For some reason, it seems that whenever I put my head above the parapet, some idiot in the cryptozoological community seems to take delight in taking pot shots at me. I always thought that it was probably my fault, because I don't really make any great effort to hide my light under a bushel, and although I have been doing my best to foster good relations between everyone in the cryptozoological community for nearly twenty years now, I am afraid that I am not particularly well known for suffering fools gladly.

It is only recently, however, that I realised some very sad truisms about life in general, and the cryptozoological community in particular. I don't know whether it is because so much of what we do is fundamentally absurd, but the cryptozoological community, as well as attracting some of the finest people that I have ever known, also - sadly - attracts some of the most inane, superficial, and irritating.

Let me tell you the story of Jordan Warner.

I am very nearly fifty years old, and it is a sad trait of men of my age, that we tend to look down our noses at the younger generation. We complain about their taste in music, their clothes, their social mores, and their sexual habits, conveniently forgetting that it was only a few short decades ago that the generation now in their dotage said much the same thing about us.

However, in the last year or so I have met a string of young people, who have become involved with the CFZ, and far from being a gang of unpleasant little oiks they are some of the nicest, and most exceptional people that I have ever met. It gives me great pleasure to be able to help these kids who are at the start of their fourteen journey through life, and - when I can - give a few words of guidance or advice, which they are sweet enough to accept without making me feel like a pointless old git.

A few months ago I was contacted by an American lad called Jordan. He was, or so he said, making a webTV series on cryptozoology. I made polite noises, but was convinced that I would never hear from him again. However, I was proved wrong when, a month or so later he posted a trailer for his new show, called 'Cryptid Hunt', and at Samhein (Hallowe'en to you, laddy), he posted the first installment. Well I have to say that I was really impressed. To produce an hour long show is no mean achievement, but to post an hour long show when you are fifteen, and presumably still at school, and furthermore a show which is done on a low budget and with relatively primitive equipment, but which still manages to get production values which are considerably better than films I was making well into my forties, let alone anything that I could have conceived at the age of fifteen..

So why, I have to ask, has this talented young lad been treated so badly by members of a cryptozoological community who really should know better. One pundit, who shall remain nameless, but whom I hope will feel jolly well ashamed of himself when he reads this article (which he surely will), greeted Jordan's requests for help with sarcasm and derision.

On the YouTube community Jordan had an early champion in the person of a bloke with the handle of Methadone4Life. I, like him, went through drug problems earlier on in life, and whilst I dealt with my opiate addictions in another way, I have the greatest respect for anyone who is honest about their weaknesses and how they came to terms with them.

'Methadone4Life' has proselytised wildly on Jordan's behalf, believing - as I do - that he is not only a talented young man who should be encouraged, but that he is a single minded, ambitious and driven young man, at an age when so many of his peers are obsessed with far less impressive pursuits than film-making and

cryptozoology. 'Methadone4Life', like me, believes that this is laudable, and should be nurtured at all costs.

Another of Jordan's supporters went on to cryptozoology.com - one of the more well known cryptozoological websites, to post a news item that he had written about Jordan's new show. He did this without Jordan's knowledge, and when Jordan went on the same forums - as he had every right to do - a few days later, he was, as far as I can gather, booted off on suspicion of 'spamming'.

Well, guys, let me tell you: 150 unsolicited e-mails trying to flog you viagra or softcore porno vids is spamming. Two, differently worded news postings about a webTV series which was completely on topic for the readers of that particular message board is not, by any stretch of the imagination, anything of the sort.

And then it got worse.

Whereas most of the people on cryptozoology.com were, quite rightly, supportive and complimentary about Jordan's undeniably impressive achievement, others just belittled him, and were rude and unpleasant to the extent of being bullies. And bullying is one of the nastiest and most vile characteristics of human nature.

Then somebody, and as far as I know it wasn't Jordan or Methadone4Life, and I know it wasn't me, wrote an article on Jordan and the series for Wikipedia. Now, call me dumb (and I know that quite a lot of people do), but I would have thought that the simple fact that a young man of such tender years had written, filmed, and produced a multi-part webTV series that was of such quality to have attracted the attention of a seasoned cryptozoological professional like myself, was quite a significant and notable achievement. Certainly one worth including in an online encyclopaedia like Wikipedia. But no.

21:25, 26 November 2008 Thehelpfulone (Talk | contribs) deleted "Cryptid hunt" ? (Speedy deleted per CSD A7, was an article about a real person, group of people, band, club, company, or web content that didn't assert the importance or significance of its subject. using Twinkle)

Well, 'HelpfulOne' whoever the hell you are, congratulations. You have just sent out the message to a young man of relatively tender years who is already quite significantly upset after his online bullying experiences, that to make a multi-part webTV show at the age of 15 is not as notable an achievement as running an amateur pornography website - because, and you can look it up if you don't believe me, there is a whole series of articles on this most morally dubious of subjects.

I am very proud of what we have achieved with the CFZ over the past two decades, but I am nearly fifty years old and in the most appalling ill health. I very much doubt whether I will still be alive in another twenty years, and this is a sobering prospect. Not because I am afraid of death - I am not. I am not actually looking forward to the process of dying, because it is usually either painful or undignified, or both, but I will cross that bridge (as we all must do) when I come to it.

No, I am worried because there is a disturbing paradigm amongst fortune organisations. With two notable exceptions - the SPR (founded 1888), and the Ghost Club (founded 1862), every other fortune organisation has not managed to survive the death of its founder by more than a few months.

I think that if this were to happen to the CFZ it would be a crying shame, because as well as continuing to push back the boundaries of human knowledge, we do something which I think is even more important. We enthuse a whole new generation of young people whose schools teach them how to pass exams and not a lot else, that knowledge for knowledge's sake is a wonderful thing.

So watch out world. As we enter our fifteenth year of publication, our 50th book, our 50th issue of this magazine, and my 50th Birthday, the CFZ are launching a series of outreach projects. Some of them are educational in nature, others more political, but they all have the same aim: To help propagate the two most important facets of what we do. For we are the Centre for Fortune Zoology - there are two strands to what we do, although they often become intertwined.

Zoology is the study of the animals who share this planet with us. For 100 years from the mid 19th Century, Natural History was the most widespread hobby of people of all ages in the western world. Now it is almost forgotten in favour of television, video games and fast food. We aim to redress this.

Forteanism, although Fort himself hated the term, is a mindset which encourages people to test the intellectual boundaries which constrict us all. To dare to stand up and say 'I don't believe that', and in an increasingly constricted and bureaucratic world that HAS to be a good thing.

In our own little way we are trying to change the world, and help forge a society where boys like Jordan are lauded and appreciated for their efforts, rather than bullied and ignored. Because boys like Jordan are the future, and without them the future looks very bleak indeed.



Letters to the Editor

The Editor and his band of merry men welcome an exchange of correspondence on any subject of interest to readers of this magazine. We reserve the right to edit letters and would like to stress that opinions voiced are those of the individual correspondent rather than being necessarily those of the editorial team or the Centre for Fortean Zoology. Every attempt is made not to infringe anyone's moral rights or copyright, and we apologise if we have unwittingly done so.

Look at Your Game Girl

Dear Jonathan,

Back from the swamps of Eastern Ecuador where we were fortunate enough to see plenty of pink Dolphins. These huge aquatic mammals were thought to be extinct in the Upper reaches of the Amazon as a result of an oil spill. However I'm pleased to report they are quite numerous and according to the tests our hydrogeologist took, the water appears to be free of hydrocarbon pollution.

If Bolivia doesn't erupt into a revolution, I hope to be in the Beni region next year. There are reputed to be dolphins in Lake Roja Aguado that have been isolated from the Amazon for thousands of years and also rumours of "monsters" that swallow horses!

I can understand the presence of the dolphins but suspect that the "monsters" could be large anaconda or big caimen. There are plenty of anaconda in the area. I saw three captive ones there earlier this year. This expedition is in July-September 2009 so sadly I'll probably miss your annual gathering again.

Nevertheless,

best wishes to all.

John Blashford-Snell,
Dorset

Cease to Exist

Hi Jonathan / Richard,

I was looking at your website earlier & noticed that you launched an expedition visiting Bolam Lake in Northumberland to research the possibility of there being an unclassified primate living in that area of the UK. I haven't been able to find any news in regard to this expedition, did you find anything?

Many years ago I was told a story about a similar animal to the Bolam Lake primate which was seen in Long Eaton near to Sherwood Forest back in the 1980's. The step dad of a mate of mine told me that his brother & a friend were driving a car along a road which had woodland on each side.

Apparently they saw a large bipedal creature at the side of the road. It looked as though it was crossing the road to get into denser woodland on the other side, they said it was huge about 6ft + tall with brown shaggy hair. At first they thought it was a man dressed up in a furry costume, but as they got closer they realised it was a real animal.

As they got closer, the animal got curious & came towards them. By this time they were pretty scared, so they put their car into reverse, reversed back up the road & chose another route to reach their destination. Its an interesting story & although I have never met the main witnesses my mate's step dad seemed to believe that what he was relating to me was true. He could only go on how scared his brother was when he went through the story with him the next day.

Its an interesting story & with there already being reports of similar creatures in the USA, Asia, Central Europe, Australia it makes sense to ask the question if all these places why not the UK?

I think there is a possibility that some of these creatures exist but without scientific proof these stories are going to remain cloaked in myth.

Maybe one day proof will be found but that will only come with longer investigations untaken & more witnesses coming forward with vital information so these mysteries can be unlocked, if these creatures are

not real then in some ways things get even more interesting, people are seeing these things so if they are not flesh & blood creatures then what is this all about?

Hope to hear your thoughts on this & some information relating to the Bolam Lake expedition.

Many thanks,

David Pritchett

(Derby, UK)

Mechanical Man

Dear Sir,

I learned recently of the existence of your Journal and wondered whether you might wish to consider a poem as part of its future content?

I am a published poet and enjoy unusual topics for my work which sometimes find outlets in specialist publications? The attraction for me is simply one of publication and, hopefully, some pleasure for your many readers.

The poem below was written about three years ago after hearing a reference to cryptozoology on the radio.

I greatly look forward to hearing from you.

Kind regards

Dr Frances Green,
Hertford

The Cryptids' Delight

Frances Green

Suppressed by paradox, synonymous with mists
and distant mountain-tops - they congregate:
unclassified, unidentified, still ex-directory

in a world now too much understood.
Big Foot, Yeti and the BonduApe arrive
incognito from their far-flung continents -

singular, subliminal in shadow
gathering, as they occasionally do,
in fleeting release from mystery

persistent despite the sweep of satellites,
to share delight in undiscovery.
And then they separate -

a cryptozoologist's dream;
Bunyip, Mamlambo and Barmanou
melting away from some distant clearing

merging into imperceptibility,
each once more absorbed
into its own inimitable night.

I once knew a man

Dear Jon,

I don't know if you read this story which appeared in the *Daily Mail* on the 21st November, but it confirms a basic fact that I have been claiming for years.

The story reads:

"An otter has braved storm force gales and North Sea currents to make the three-mile journey to reach Brownsman, one of the Farne Islands.

It is the first recorded sighting of an otter on the islands - off the coast of Northumberland - which are known for their bird colonies.

Head warden David Steel said it was 'staggering' that an otter, commonly found in rivers, could survive the perilous journey out to the Farne Islands, especially Brownsman, which is along way from the mainland.

'We almost had to rub our eyes with disbelief when we discovered the tracks. We've recently had force nine gales and it can be tricky to reach the islands even on a relatively calm day, which makes this otters journey a little bit special.'



The otter tracks, which stretch for 60 metres, were discovered in a muddy path on Brownsman, which had until recently been a boardwalk for visitors to the island. Wardens are yet to see the otter but the agitated behaviour of the gulls suggests that it is still living on Brownsman and the outer group of Islands.

In England and Wales, otters are normally found living on rivers and they can be found on coastal sites in Scotland.

Northumberland has a healthy population of otters living in the major rivers and tributaries, where the new addition to the Farne Islands will have come from.

David Steel said: 'This is the first time that an otter has been recorded on the Farne Islands.

'We have no idea how long it might stay but the rocky islands offer it a safe place to live and it should be able to find an abundance of food.'

Paul Chanin of The Mammal Society, who has

written two books on otters and studied their recovery in England, added: 'This is a really exciting discovery.

'We know that otters like living on the coasts where there is food available and will sometimes travel to islands but to find them so far off shore shows that they have a remarkable ability as navigators.'

However, there is some concern that the otters could harm the bird populations on the Farne islands, which are best known as a home to more than 80,000 seabirds, including the famous puffins.

Otters are carnivores that feast on bird eggs and small chicks."

Coming from the north as that otter does, a three mile swim in force 9 gales is now't!

He did it to show all southern otters how hard as oot he is and while he smokes tabs, drinks broon ale and gets all the lasses, they stop in their nice safe rivers drinking shandy looking at other boy otters bums!

Regards

Davy C
Seaham on Sea,
Co Durham

HEADLINES EXPLAINED

Every few issues we feel that we have to explain the somewhat eccentric headlines which we use in the letters section each issue. They are always taken at random from song titles by a specific artist, and the first person to telephone the editor on 01237 431413 with the name of the artist, gets a free year's subscription to *Animals & Men*.



Last issue the artist was the late lamented Warren Zevon, a great favourite of the editorial team, for many years.

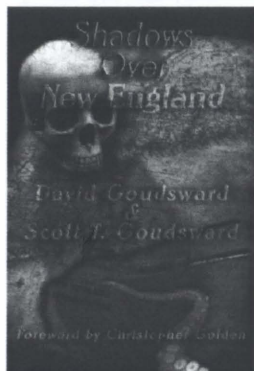


REVIEWS



SHADOWS OVER NEW ENGLAND

David Goudsward and Scott T. Goudsward,
BearManor Media
ISBN 10:1-59393-139-5



New England is the area of the States that is most like the UK. It's where the first successful colonists established their new lives. It's little wonder then that New England is a place steeped in legend. As the oldest part of the USA it's only natural it should be the most haunted.

Shadows Over New England is a guide to weird, haunted and Fortean areas. "So

what?" you might ask, oh reasonable reader, "paranormal guides to specific areas are two a penny these days". *Shadows Over New England* is something different; it's a guide to haunted places in fiction.

Real towns and villages that have been the setting for horrific tales in literature, film and TV go check by jowl with fictional places such as Arkham, Massachusetts and Oxrun Station, Connecticut.

The book is highly detailed, and if any place in New England has even been mentioned in the horror genre, then rest assured it will be within these pages.

Authors like Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorn, Brian Lumley and the vastly over rated Stephen King have all lived in, or been inspired by, New England. The uncrowned king of New England horror though, has to be Rhode Island's greatest son Howard Philip Lovecraft.

His classic tales have non-Euclidian, slime festooned horrors twitching and slithering right across New England in tales like 'The Dunwich Horror', 'Shadow over Insmouth', 'The Colour Out of Space' and 'The Shunned House'.

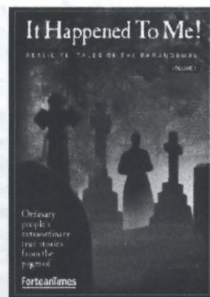
An original book that makes you wonder why no one has done this kind of thing before **Richard Freeman**

IT HAPPENED TO ME! REAL LIFE TALES OF THE PARANORMAL VOLUME 1

Paul Sieveking and Jen Ogilvie
Dennis Publishing
ISBN 1-906372-48-9

Cherry-picked from the letters pages of *Fortean Times* this is a real parade of the damned. I read this book during a two and a half hour wait at Waterloo Station after Unconvention 2008. It turned a boring morning into a very interesting one.

There are chapters on monsters, ghosts, doppelgangers, time slips and so on but to my mind the most interesting stories are the ones that are so weird that they defy categorisation and leave the reader thinking 'what the &*&#! was that all about?' Case in point was a policeman who found an old lady unconscious at the side of the road with a trail of slime leading away into the gutter close by her. The woman died in hospital of a ruptured stomach. Her belly was latterly crammed to bursting point with slime!

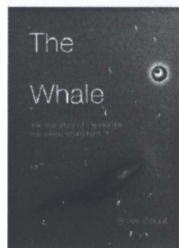


Interestingly there are several reports of creatures described as being 2-d, man-shaped and black. Dead ringers for the thing seen by Jon Downes at Bolam Lake back in 2003, suggesting that these 'things' might be more common than we think. A wonderful book that just leaves you scratching your head at how bizarre the world can be. **Richard Freeman**

THE BARNSELEY WHALE

Steve Deput,
Mainstream Publishing
ISBN 1 84018 749 2

Steve Deput had an odd childhood memory. It was of a badly embalmed, off colour whale being exhibited in Barnsley on the back of a lorry. He mentioned this to some friends on the Internet and they laughed at him. But gradually other people came forward with their own tales of distant recollections of a creosote covered whale being paraded by foreigners in the streets of northern towns.



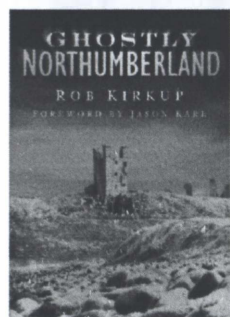
Steve gathered together a band of Barnsley FC supporters off the internet and tried to track down the truth behind the Barnsley Whale. What they

uncovered was the story of a group of Norwegian businessmen, and possibly the worst marketing campaign in the world's history. **Richard Freeman**

GHOSTLY NORTHUMBERLAND

Rob Kirkup
The History Press
ISBN 978 0 7509 3043 5

The North East of England is my favourite part of the country so a guide to the ghosts of that rugged, windswept county Northumberland is very welcome as far as I am concerned.



The book is well illustrated with moody, brooding black and white shots of castles and eerie tracts of countryside. After each chapter there is a page of useful information for the would be ghost hunter including how to get to the area, Ordnance Survey references, relevant telephone number, opening hours and other snippets of data.

Your Northumberland ghosts are a bit more creepy than the rum of the mill white

ladies or spectral monks, and Rob Kirkup has a Lovecraftian flare for the grotesque in his retelling of these weird tales.

At Alnwick, in the 13th Century, a filthy, insane hermit who ate cats and dogs (and was suspected of murdering and raping girls) lived in a malodorous shanty in the shadow of the castle. After his death and burial his coffin was found rent asunder and his un-decayed corpse found under a tree a mile away. He was reburied with a mass of rocks on his coffin. He rose again and started to prey on local animals and was said to have killed a farmer. The villagers in a Hammer-esque mob dug up his casket and hacked the vampire's carcass to ribbons with spades.

Berwick is the setting for not one but two vampire stories (Britain has very few vampire stories and it's odd that a total of three happen in the same county). A wealthy Berwick merchant died of the plague and was buried. Soon after, a child disappeared and a rumour was started that the merchant was a vampire.

His grave was dug up and his body reburied in an unmarked grave on unconsecrated ground. It was said that he rose each night in search of blood, and more children vanished, and adults were found with their throats torn out.

After two weeks ten local men dug up the body to find it was un-decayed. They hacked it pieces and burnt the bits on a bonfire.

The other vampire story occurred in the early 1900s. A woman named Betty Hough was found dead with bite marks in her neck. Soon after farm animals were being found dead and drained of blood.

About a week later a 16 year old girl was attacked and pinned down by a foul smelling 'man' with filthy clothes and long teeth. Luckily two farm workers managed to haul the thing off her, but it escaped after biting one of the men in the neck.

A mob led by Betty's fiancé Colin McFaddon and some sniffer dogs followed a trail into the woods where numerous dead animals were found, all drained of their blood. The trail ended at a hole beside a tree. Reaching in, McFaddon felt the thing's foot. The men dug the creature up and McFaddon hacked off its head with a spade before the others chopped the loathy thing to ribbons.

There, you don't get that in your average ghost guide!
Richard Freeman

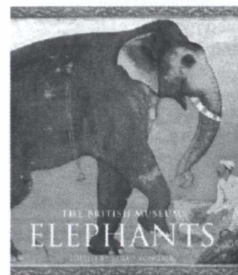
THE BRITISH MUSEUM ELEPHANTS

Sarah Longair

The British Museum Press

ISBN 978-0-7141-5075-8

This delightful little book is a collection of pachyderm paraphernalia from the collection of the British Museum. Lovely photographs are accompanied by verse, prose and proverbs about elephants.



Herein you will find elephant-shaped coffins from modern day Ghana, 14th Century Italian bronze coins featuring elephants, 11th Century

Byzantine sounding horns carved from elephant tusks, 4600 year old elephant seals (that's seals with elephants on them not the giant pinipeds!) from Pakistan and 17th Century Japanese porcelain elephants to name but a few. A must for those passionate about Proboscidea. **Richard Freeman**

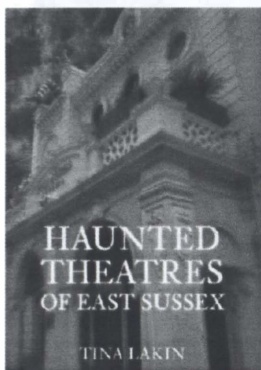
HAUNTED THEATRES OF EAST SUSSEX

Tina Lakin

The History Press

ISBN 978-0-7524-4755

Under scrutiny here are not just theatres but opera, house, piers, music halls and pubs. And it's not just ghosts. One venue, The Royal Concert Opera Hall in St Leonards, seems to have been the scene for a case of spontaneous human combustion!



One of the most interesting stories concerns the long demolished *Horse and Groom Inn* at Rye. The pub was once a venue for a Victorian freak show. A limbless man was drowned by some drunken youths and he

is still said to haunt the area, though the pub has long since vanished.

You don't hear many stories about ghostly victims of botched plastic surgery, but such phantoms are said to lurk down the alleyways of Church Street.

The story goes they were female performers at the Canterbury Theatre trying to regain their looks after being sacked for looking too old!

Another original story features a haunted Punch and Judy show where the puppets moved without the help of puppeteers at the Royal Bijou Theatre in Bexhill. Imagine a possessed Mr Punch lurching after you with the crocodile in tow!

If that doesn't grab you, how about a haunted ghost train, a tautology if ever there was one! Brighton Pier's ghost train is supposedly haunted. The story is that it is the ghost of a visitor on the very first ride back in Victorian times, who was scared to death by the fake ghosts!

Richard Freeman

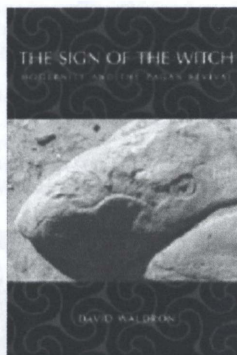
THE SIGN OF THE WITCH: MODERNITY AND THE RISE OF THE PAGAN REVIVAL

Dr David Waldron

Carolina Academic Press

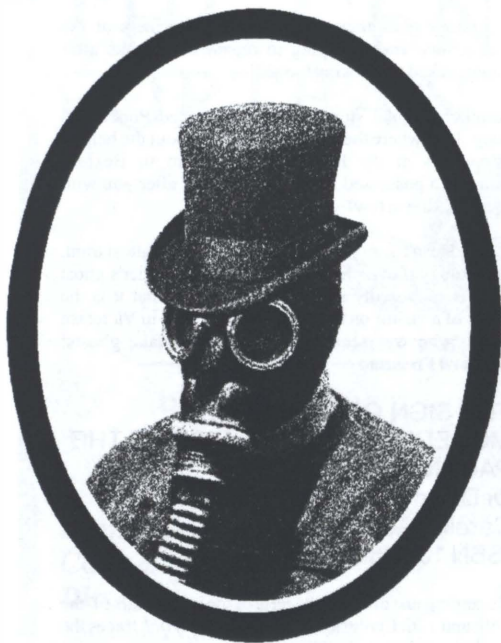
ISBN 10: 1-59450-505-X

Beginning just after the hysteria of the witch trials of the 16th and 17th Centuries, *The Sign of the Witch* traces the evolution of symbol of the witch to modern times. From the vilified outcast to the romantic revival in the 19th Century by the likes of Gerald Gardner, to the modern day image in which the witch is often the sympathetic character. Indeed, within one generation the idea of a witch has developed from a hideous crone bent on destruction to a new age hero / heroine



The path is traced via Madam Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, Alistair Crowley and the Ordo Templi Orientalis, Wiccan rival in Britain, and the 1960s counter culture. **Richard Freeman**

THE SYCOPHANT



Deep in a cave beneath Loch Ness lives a strange figure who steals ideas from other magazines and then somehow makes them his own.

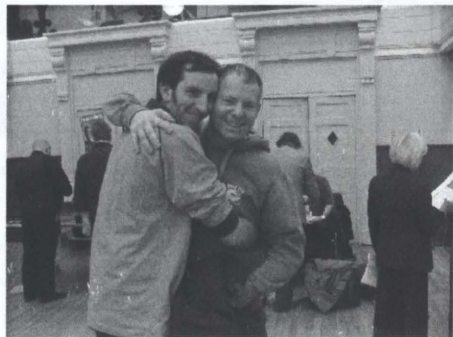
THIS REVOLUTION PROBABLY WILL BE TELEVISED

At the risk of sounding like part of the repartee of Biffo's Computerised Joke Machine (look up 'Biffovision' on YouTube if you don't know what I mean) I have a riddle for you:

QUESTION: HOW DO YOU CAUSE
CONSTERNATIONATAFORTEANCONVENTION?

ANSWER: INVITE TIM MATTHEWS

Tim's days of trouble-making are far behind him. He has been a friend of ours, and a valued member of the CFZ team for nearly a decade now, and in those ten years he has done nothing to blot his copybook with us. All this changed at the recent Unconvention when we saw him publically hugging a Methodist Lay Preacher!



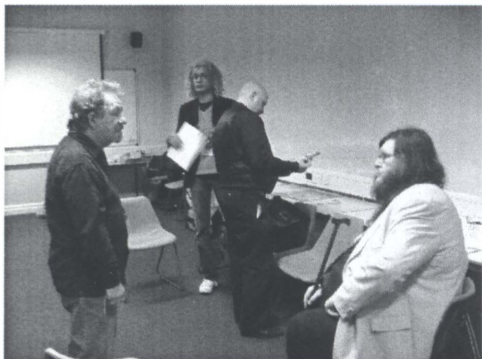
Such public displays of depravity must stop. No wonder so many people got worried when they saw him handing out leaflets publicising the forthcoming CFZ:Outreach education programme, in conjunction with the delightful Miss Fulcher who just happened to be dressed in a style mildly reminiscent of the late lamented Unity Mitford.



The rumours started to spread around the hall, and within a few hours the Internet. Tim Matthews was trying to destabilise cryptozoology through the medium of hugging Methodist lay preachers!! (No, we

actually made that one up). Tim Matthews had persuaded the CFZ to declare war on forteana! (Yes, this rumour was actually propagated across the Internet like wildfire, conveniently ignoring several salient facts:

1. Tim is a good friend and trusted colleague of the CFZ but he is not on their guiding committee.
2. As there are no vacancies, nor any imminent likelihood of there being any vacancies on the aforementioned committee - Jon, Graham and Richard F being all happy, healthy, and *compos mentis* - he is unlikely to become a member of the aforementioned committee.
3. The CFZ are a legal entity, but 'forteana' is a concept. One cannot declare war on a concept.
4. Just supposing that the CFZ had been intending to cause disruption to the Unconvention, *Fortean Times*, or anything else, would Jon have turned up with half his family, including his wife, one of his step-daughters, prospective son-in-law and 16 year old nephew, and not only had a jolly nice family weekend, but thoroughly enjoyed long and cordial chats with all of the leading lights of *Fortean Times*, which is still a jolly good magazine?



But the really funny thing happened a week or so later in the wake of the scandal when BNP membership lists were leaked to the newspapers.

The CFZ received a string of disappointed e-mails. Tim's name was not on the list. Could it be that he has been telling the truth for all these years? That he was indeed in the BNP for a few months about 20 years ago, but soon parted company with them...

So could it not be *just* possible that he is telling the truth about his involvement with the CFZ? That he came to Uncon to see his old friends and help out on their stall, and that he supports the CFZ because he believes in what we do. And that he wants to be a part of our forthcoming CFZ:Outreach projects. At war with the universe? At war with stupidity more likely.

WELCOME BACK MY FRIENDS TO THE DOG THAT NEVER ENDS...



On the front cover of this issue we say goodbye to an old friend, Tessie - the second CFZ dog, who held the position for eight years from September 2000, succeeding Toby, who was CFZ dog from the time we started in 1992 (when he was seven) until his death at the age of 15 in June 2000.

Now it is my great pleasure to introduce you to the CFZ Dog Mk3 - a border collie pup called 'Biggles'. He joined the CFZ about a month after Tessie went to the great kennel in the sky, and has since captivated us all, and turned Corinna (who, allegedly is his owner, although we suspect it is the other way around) into his doting slave.

Hw has already made his first state visit to an area of fortean importance when he visited Mawnan Old Church along with us in mid November, and a fun filled lifetime of fortean frolics is beckoning...





WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?



OUR HERO GERALD DURRELL (1925-1995) WAS THE FATHER OF MODERN CONSERVATION. HE BELIEVED THAT CHILDREN SHOULD GROW UP SURROUNDED BY ANIMALS AND BOOKS.

WE AGREE WITH HIM.

BUT IT SEEMS THAT OTHERS DON'T!

CFZ OUTREACH: Educators with Attitude

Typeset by Biggles
"...woof"